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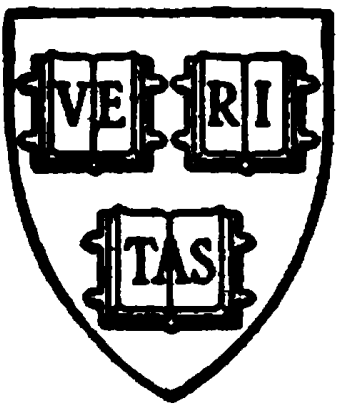

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THE

ILIAD OF HOMER

TRANSLATED BY

A. POPE, ESQ.

VOL. II.

R. Westall del. Engr. by Wm. D. Smith.

NEW YORK

THE

ILIAD

OF

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THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fourth Battle continued, in which Neptune assists the Greeks: the Acts of Idomeneus.

Neptune, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes,) assumes the shape of Chalchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him; then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones, losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus: this occasions a conversation between those two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcathous: Deiphobus and Æneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing; Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes, till, being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight-and-twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the seashore.

When now the Thunderer on the sea-beat coast
Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering host
He left them to the Fates, in bloody fray
To toil and struggle through the well-fought day,
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight
Those eyes that shed insufferable light,
To where the Mysians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;
And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian strays,
Renown'd for justice and for length of days;

Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food:
Jove sees delighted; and avoids the scene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
No aid, he deems, to either host is given,
While his high law suspends the powers of heaven.
Meantime the *Monarch of the watery main
Observ'd the Thunderer, nor observ'd in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He sate; and round him cast his azure eyes,
Where Ida's misty tops confus'dly rise;
Below, fair Ilion's glittering spires were seen;
The crowded ships, and sable seas between.
There, from the crystal chambers of the main
Emerg'd, he sate; and mourn'd his Argives slain.
At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;
Fierce as he past, the lofty mountains nod,
The forests shake! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footsteps of th' immortal God.
From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
And, at the fourth, the distant Ægæ shook.
Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands:
This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he reins,
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
He sets superior, and the chariot flies:
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
Th' enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the wat'ry way;
And heavy whales in awkward measures play
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;

* Neptune.

The parting waves before his coursers fly;
The wondering waters leave his axle dry.
Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave;
Between where Tenedos the surges lave,
And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:
There the great ruler of the azure round
Stopp'd his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,
Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand,
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
Infrangible, immortal: there they stay,
The father of the floods pursues his way;
Where, like a tempest darkening heaven around,
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,
Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
Embattled roll'd, as Hector rush'd along:
To the loud tumult and the barbarous cry,
The Heavens re-echo, and the shores reply;
They vow destruction to the Grecian name,
And in their hopes, the fleets already flame.
But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,
The God whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,
Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas seen,
Such his loud voice, and such his manly mien;
His shouts incessant every Greek inspire,
But most th' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.
'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise;
Oh, recollect your ancient worth and praise:
'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear;
Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.
On other works though Troy with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
There, Greece has strength: but this, this part o'erthrown,
Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone.
Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his Gods, and calls high Jove his sire.
If yet some heavenly power your breast excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to fight.

Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet remain;
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain.
Then with his sceptre that the deep controls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls:
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and swells their daring hearts.
Then as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight,
Forth-springing, instant darts herself from high
Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky:
Such, and so swift the power of Ocean flew;
The wide horizon shut him from their view.
Th' inspiring God, Oïleus' active son
Perceiv'd the first, and thus to Telamon:
Some God, my friend, some God in human form
Favouring descends, and wills to stand the storm.
Not Calchas this, the venerable seer;
Short as he turn'd, I saw the Power appear:
I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a God.
E'en now some energy divine I share,
And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air!
With equal ardour (Telamon returns)
My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns:
New rising spirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;
Singly, methinks, yon towering chief I meet,
And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.
Full of the God that urg'd their burning breast,
The heroes thus their mutual warmth exprest.
Neptune meanwhile the routed Greeks inspir'd,
Who, breathless, pale, with length of labours tir'd,
Pant in the ships; while Troy to conquest calls,
And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
Trembling before th' impending storm they lie,
While tears of rage stand burning in their eye.

Greece sunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;
But breathe new courage as they feel the Power.
Teucer and Leitus first his words excite;
Then stern Peneleus rises to the fight;
Thoäs, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, th' impulsive fury found;
Last Nestor's son the same bold ardour takes,
While thus the God the martial fire awakes:
  Oh lasting infamy, oh dire disgrace
To chiefs of vigorous youth and manly race!
I trusted in the Gods, and you, to see
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free:
Ah no—the glorious combat you disclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.
Heavens! what a prodigy these eyes survey,
Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands?
And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands?
A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train,
Not born to glories of the dusty plain;
Like frighted fawns, from hill to hill pursu'd,
A prey to every savage of the wood:
Shall these, so late who trembled at your name,
Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame?
A change so shameful, say, what cause has wrought
The soldier's baseness, or the general's fault?
Fools! will ye perish for your leader's vice;
The purchase infamy, and life the price?
'Tis not your cause, Achilles' injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but yours the shame.
Grant that our chief offend through rage or lust,
Must you be cowards, if your king's unjust?
Prevent this evil, and your country save:
Small thought retrieves the spirit of the brave.
Think, and subdue! on dastards dead to fame
I waste no anger, for they feel no shame:
But you, the pride, the flower of all our host
My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost.

Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose;
A day more black, a fate more vile ensues.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endless infamy, on instant death:
For lo! the fated time, th' appointed shore;
Hark! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar!
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;
The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall.
These words the Grecians' fainting hearts inspire,
And listening armies catch the godlike fire.
Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found,
With well-rang'd squadrons strongly circled round:
So close their order, so dispos'd their fight,
As Pallas' self might view with fix'd delight;
Or had the God of War inclin'd his eyes,
The God of War had own'd a just surprise.
A chosen phalanx, firm, resolv'd as Fate,
Descending Hector and his battle wait.
An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields,
Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;
And, levell'd at the skies with pointing rays,
Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.
Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The close-compacted legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;
Troy charg'd the first, and Hector first of Troy
As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,
(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends)
Precipitate the ponderous mass descends:
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds;
At every shock the crackling wood resounds;
Still gathering force, it smokes; and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:

There stops—So Hector. Their whole force he prov'd,
Resistless when he rag'd, and when he stopt, unmov'd.
On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,
And all their falchions wave around his head:
Repuls'd he stands, nor from his stand retires;
But with repeated shouts his army fires.
Trojans! be firm; this arm shall make your way
Through yon square body, and that black array.
Stand, and my spear shall rout their scattering power,
Strong as they seem, embattled like a tower.
For he that Juno's heavenly bosom warms,
The first of Gods, this day inspires our arms.
He said, and rous'd the soul in every breast;
Urg'd with desire of fame, beyond the rest,
Forth march'd Deïphobus; but, marching, held
Before his wary steps his ample shield.
Bold Merion aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it wide)
The glittering javelin pierc'd the tough bull hide;
But pierc'd not through: unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.
The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear:
The Greek retreating mourn'd his frustrate blow,
And curs'd the treacherous lance that spar'd a foe,
Then to the ships with surly speed he went,
To seek a surer javelin in his tent.
Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows,
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
The son of Mentor, rich in generous steeds.
Ere yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led,
In fair Pedæus' verdant pastures bred,
The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
And blest'd in bright Medesicaste's arms:
(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravish'd joy,
Ally'd the warrior to the house of Troy.)
To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came,
And match'd the bravest of her chiefs in fame:

With Priam's sons, a guardian of the throne,
He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own:
Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear;
He groans beneath the Telamonian spear.
As from some far-seen mountain's airy crown,
Subdu'd by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,
And soils its verdant tresses on the ground:
So falls the youth; his arms the fall resound.
Then Teucer rushing to despoil the dead,
From Hector's hand a shining javelin fled:
He saw, and shunn'd the death; the forceful dart
Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimachus's heart,
Cteatus' son, of Neptune's forceful line;
Vain was his courage, and his race divine!
Prostrate he falls; his clanging arms resound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,
And just had fasten'd on the dazzling prize,
When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung;
Full on the shield's round boss the weapon wrung;
He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.
Repuls'd he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
The spoils contested, and bear off the slain.
Between the leaders of th' Athenian line,
(Stichius the brave, Menestheus the divine,)
Deplor'd Amphimachus, sad object! lies;
Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize,
As two grim lions bear across the lawn,
Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd fawn,
In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood,
And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood;
So these the chief: great Ajax from the dead
Strips his bright arms, Oïleus lops his head:
Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
At Hector's feet the gory visage lay.
The God of Ocean, fir'd with stern disdain,
And pierc'd with sorrow for his *grandson slain,

* Amphimacus.

Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,
And breathes destruction on the Trojan bands.
Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,
He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete;
His pensive brow the generous care exprest
With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast,
Whom in the chance of war a javelin tore,
And his sad comrades from the battle bore;
Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent;
That office paid, he issued from his tent,
Fierce for the fight: to whom the God begun,
In Thoas' voice, Andræmon's valiant son,
Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks arise,
And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies.
Where's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring boast,
Of Greece victorious and proud Ilion lost?
To whom the king: On Greece no blame be thrown,
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
Nor fear withholds, nor shameful sloth detains.
'Tis heaven alas! and Jove's all powerful doom,
That far, far distant from our native home
Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!
Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend
Our arms or counsels; now perform thy best,
And what thou canst not singly, urge the rest.
Thus he; and thus the God, whose force can make
The solid globe's eternal basis shake.
Ah! never may he see his native land,
But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,
Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay,
Nor dares to combat on this signal day.
For this, behold! in horrid arms I shine,
And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine.
Together let us battle on the plain;
Two, not the worst; nor e'en this succour vain:
Not vain the weakest, if their force unite;
But ours, the bravest have confess'd in fight.

This said, he rushes where the combat burns;
Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns.
From thence two javelins glittering in his hand,
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand,
Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove,
Like lightning bursting from the arm of Jove,
Which to pale man the wrath of heaven declares,
Or terrifies the offending world with wars;
In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flash'd along.
Him, near his tent, Meriones attends;
Whom thus he questions: Ever best of friends!
O say, in every art of battle skill'd,
What holds thy courage from so brave a field?
On some important message art thou bound,
Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound?
Inglorious here, my soul abhors to stay,
And glows with prospects of th' approaching day.
O prince! (Meriones replies) whose care
Leads forth th' embattled sons of Crete to war;
This speaks my grief; this headless lance I wield;
The rest lies rooted in a Trojan shield.
To whom the Cretan: Enter, and receive
The wanted weapons; those my tent can give;
Spears I have store, (and Trojan lances all)
That shed a lustre round the illumin'd wall.
Though I, disdainful of the distant war,
Nor trust the dart, or aim the uncertain spear,
Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain;
And thence these trophies and these arms I gain.
Enter, and see on heaps the helmets roll'd,
And high-hung spears, and shields that flame with gold.
Nor vain (said Merion) are our martial toils;
We two can boast of no ignoble spoils.
But those my ship contains; whence distant far,
I fight conspicuous in the van of war.

What need I more? if any Greek there be
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.
To this, Idomeneus. The fields of fight
Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;
And were some ambush for the foes design'd,
E'en there, thy courage would not lag behind.
In that sharp service singled from the rest,
The fear of each, or valour stands confest.
No force, no firmness, the pale coward show
He shifts his place; his colour comes and goes;
A dropping sweat creeps cold on every part,
Against his bosom beats his quivering heart;
Terror and death in his wild eye-balls stare;
With chattering teeth he stands, and stiffening hair
And looks a bloodless image of despair!
Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die:
If aught disturb the tenor of his breast,
'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.
In such assays thy blameless worth is known,
And every art of dangerous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Those wounds were glorious all, and all before.
Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight
T' oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
Go—from my conquer'd spears the choicest take,
And to their owners send them nobly back.
Swift at the word bold Merion snatch'd a spear,
And breathing slaughter follow'd to the war.
So Mars armipotent invades the plain
(The wide destroyer of the race of man,)
Terror, his best-lov'd son, attends his course,
Arm'd with stern boldness and enormous force,

The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground:
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring Phlegyans, and Ephyrian arms;
Invok'd by both, relentless they dispose
To these glad conquest, murderous rout to those.
So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,
And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plain.
Then first spake Merion: Shall we join the right,
Or combat in the centre of the fight?
Or to the left our wonted succour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.
Not in the centre (Idomen replied)
Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide;
Each godlike Ajax makes that post his care,
And gallant Teucer deals destruction there:
Skill'd, or with shafts to gall the distant field,
Or bear close battle on the sounding shield.
These can the rage of haughty Hector tame:
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame,
Till Jove himself descends his bolt to shed,
And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.
Great must he be, of more than human birth,
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,
Whom Ajax fells not on th' ensanguin'd ground.
In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course.
Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.
He said; and Merion to th' appointed place,
Fierce as the God of battles, urg'd his pace.
Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld
Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embodied in a tide they pour;
The rising combat sounds along the shore.
As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,
From different quarters sweep the sandy plain,

On every side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:
Thus, by despair, hope, rage, together driven,
Met the black hosts, and, meeting, darken'd heaven.
And dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;
Dire was the gleam of breast-plates, helms, and shields,
And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields:
Tremendous scene! that general horror gave,
But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave.
Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vied,
And crowds of heroes in their anger died.
The Sire of earth and heaven, by Thetis won
To crown with glory Peleus' godlike son,
Will'd not destruction to the Grecian powers,
But spar'd awhile the destin'd Trojan towers:
While Neptune, rising from his azure main,
Warr'd on the king of heaven with stern disdain,
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train.
Gods of one source, and one ethereal race,
Alike divine, and heaven their native place;
But Jove the greater; first-born of the skies,
And more than men, or Gods, supremely wise.
For this, of Jove's superior might afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
These powers infold the Greek and Trojan train
In War and Discord's adamantine chain,
Indissolubly strong; the fatal tie
Is stretch'd on both, and close compelled they die.
Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats gray,
The bold Idomeneus controls the day.
First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high Cabesus' distant walls he came;
Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of power
And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dowr

The king consented, by his vaunts abus'd;
The king consented, but the Fates refus'd.
Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd bride,
The field he measur'd with a larger stride.
Him as he stalk'd, the Cretan javelin found;
Vain was his breast-plate to repel the wound:
His dream of glory lost, he plung'd to hell:
His arms resounded as the boaster fell.
The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead;
And thus (he cries) behold thy promise sped!
Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
And such the contract of the Phrygian king!
Our offers now, illustrious prince! receive;
For such an aid what will not Argos give?
To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.
Meantime, on farther methods to advise,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what Greece has on her part to say.
He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corse away.
This Asius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;
(His crowded coursers, to his squire consign'd,
Impatient panted on his neck behind)
To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,
He hop'd the conquest of the Cretan king.
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat discharg'd the forceful spear:
Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant at the farther side.
As when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
Groan'd to the oft heav'd axe, with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground:
So sunk proud Asius in that dreadful day,
And stretch'd before his much-lov'd coursers lay.
He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore.

Depriv'd of motion, stiff with stupid fear,
Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer,
Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey:
Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath
The stately car, and labours out his breath.
Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone)
Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son.
Stabb'd at the sight, Deïphobus drew nigh,
And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.
The Cretan saw; and, stooping, caus'd to glance
From his slope shield, the disappointed lance.
Beneath the spacious targe, (a blazing round,
Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,
On his rais'd arm by two strong braces stay'd)
He lay collected in defensive shade;
O'er his safe head the javelin idly sung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
E'en then the spear the vigorous arm confest,
And pierc'd, obliquely, king Hypsenor's breast:
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
The chief, his people's guardian now no more
Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries)
Nor unreveng'd, lamented Asius lies:
For thee though hell's black portals stand display'd,
This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade.
Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast,
Touched every Greek, but Nestor's son the most.
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd friend;
Till sad Mecistheus and Alastor bore
His honour'd body to the tented shore.
Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
Resolv'd to perish in his country's cause,
Or find some foe, whom heaven and he shall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.
He sees Alcathoüs in the front aspire:
Great Æsyetes was the hero's sire;

His spouse, Hippodamè, divinely fair,
Anchises' eldest hope, and darling care;
Who charm'd her parent's and her husband's heart,
With beauty, sense, and every work of art:
He, once of Ilion's youth, the loveliest boy,
The fairest she, of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the hapless hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,
And fetters every limb: yet bent to meet
His fate he stands; nor shuns the lance of Crete.
Fixt as some column, or deep-rooted oak,
(While the winds sleep) his breast receiv'd the stroke.
Before the ponderous stroke his corslet yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour sends a jarring sound:
His labouring heart heaves with so strong a bound,
The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound:
Fast flowing from its source, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.
Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain;
Behold, Deïphobus! nor vaunt in vain:
See! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend,
This, my third victim, to the shades I send.
Approaching now, thy boasted might approve,
And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.
From Jove, enamour'd of a mortal dame,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came:
Deucalion, blameless prince! was Minos' heir;
His first-born I, the third from Jupiter:
O'er spacious Crete and her bold sons I reign,
And thence my ships transport me through the main.
Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine,
A scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.
The Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with venturous arms, the king of Crete;
Or seek auxiliar force. at length decreed
To call some hero to partake the deed,

Forthwith Æneas rises to his thought:
For him, in Troy's remotest lines he sought;
Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, stands,
And sees superior posts in meaner hands.
To him, ambitious of so great an aid,
The bold Deïphobus, approach'd and said:
Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy bosom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathoüs dies, thy brother and thy friend!
Come, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend.
Beneath his cares, thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;
Haste and revenge it on th' insulting foe.
Æneas heard, and for a space resign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind;
Then, rising in his rage, he burns to fight;
The Greek awaits him, with collected might.
As the fell boar on some rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrors, and to slaughter bred,
When the loud rustics rise, and shout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war;
O'er his bent back the bristly horrors rise,
Fires stream in lightning from his sanguine eyes,
His foaming tusks both dogs and men engage,
But most his hunters rouse his mighty rage:
So stood Idomeneus, his javelin shook,
And met the Trojan with a lowering look.
Antilochus, Deïpyrus, were near,
The youthful offspring of the God of War,
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd:
To these the warrior sent his voice around,
Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
Lo, great Æneas rushes to the fight:
Sprung from a God, and more than mortal bold;
He fresh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
Else should this hand this hour decide the strife,
The great dispute, of glory, or of life.

He spoke, and all as with one soul obey'd;
Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade
Around the chief. Æneas too demands
Th' assisting forces of his native bands:
Paris, Deïphobus, Agenor join;
(Co-aids, and captains of the Trojan line)
In order follow all th' embodied train;
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain;
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads
To the cool fountains, through the well-known meads.
So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.
Round dead Alcathoüs now the battle rose;
On every side the steely circle grows;
Now batter'd breast-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
And o'er their heads unheeded javelins sing.
Above the rest two towering chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
Like Gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
The Cretan saw, and shunn'd the brazen spear;
Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.
But Œnomas receiv'd the Cretan's stroke,
The forceful spear his hollow corselet broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
And roll'd the smoking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he sobs away his breath,
And furious grasps the bloody dust in death.
The victor from his breast the weapon tears;
(His spoils he could not, for the shower of spears,)
Though now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumb'rous arms, stiff with cold age,
His listless limbs unable for the course;
In standing fight he yet maintains his force:

Till, faint with labour, and with foes repell'd,
His tir'd slow steps he drags from off the field.
Deïphobus beheld him as he past,
And fir'd with hate, a parting javelin cast:
The javelin err'd, but held its course along,
And pierc'd Ascalaphus, the brave and young:
The son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,
And gnash'd the dust all bloody with his wound.
Nor knew the furious father of his fall;
High-thron'd amidst the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal synod sate;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.
Now, where in dust the breathless hero lay,
For slain Ascalaphus commenc'd the fray.
Deïphobus, to seize his helmet, flies,
And from his temples rends the glittering prize;
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm discharg'd his spear:
He drops the weight, disabled with the pain;
The hollow helmet rings against the plain.
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking javelin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends;
Around his waist his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew:
Him his swift coursers, on his splendid car
Rapt from the lessening thunder of the war;
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the shore,
And sprinkling, as he pass'd, the sands with gore.
Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sanguine ground
Heaps fall on heaps, and heaven and earth resound.
Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled;
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,
He pierc'd his throat; the bending head, deprest
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast;

His shield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies;
And everlasting slumber seals his eyes.
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round,
Transpierc'd his back with a dishonest wound:
The hollow vein that to the neck extends
Along the chine his eager javelin rends:
Supine he falls, and to his social train
Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in vain.
Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away;
His time observ'd; for, clos'd by foes around,
On all sides thick, the peals of arms resound.
His shield emboss'd, the ringing storm sustains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great Neptune's care preserv'd from hostile rage
This youth, the joy of Nestor's glorious age)
In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,
Fac'd every foe, and every danger sought;
His winged lance resistless as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the master's mind,
Restless it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the distant enemy.
The son of Asius, Adamas, drew near,
And struck his target with the brazen spear,
Fierce in his front, but Neptune wards the blow,
And blunts the javelin of th' eluded foe.
In the broad buckler half the weapon stood;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Disarm'd he mingled in the Trojan crew;
But Merion's spear o'ertook him as he flew,
Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.
Bending he fell, and doubled to the ground,
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters tied,
While death's strong pangs distend his labouring side,
His bulk enormous on the field displays;
His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.

The spear, the conqueror from his body drew,
And death's dim shadows swam before his view.
Next brave Deïpyrus in dust was laid:
King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
And smote his temples, with an arm so strong,
The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
There, for some luckier Greek it rests a prize;
For dark in death the godlike owner lies!
Raging with grief, great Menelaüs burns,
And fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
That shook the pond'rous lance, in act to throw;
And this stood adverse with the bended bow:
Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,
But harmless bounded from the plated steel.
As on some ample barn's well harden'd floor,
(The winds collected at each open door)
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the ground.
So from the steel that guards Atrides' heart,
Repell'd, to distance flies the bounding dart.
Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe,
Pierc'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,
And nail'd it to the yew: the wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the sand
But good Agenor gently from the wound
The spear solicits, and the bandage bound;
A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
At once the tent and ligature supplied.
  Behold! Pisander, urg'd by Fate's decree,
Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great Menelaüs! To enhance thy fame;
High-towering in the front the warrior came.
First, the sharp lance was by Atrides thrown;
The lance far-distant by the winds was blown.
Nor pierc'd Pisander through Atrides' shield;
Pisander's spear fell shiver'd on the field.
Not so discourag'd, to the future blind,
Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind;

Dauntless he rushes, where the Spartan lord
Like lightning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.
His left arm high oppos'd the shining shield:
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-axe held
An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Distinct with studs; and brazen was the blade;)
This on the helm discharg'd a noble blow;
The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below,
Shorn from the crest. Atrides, wav'd his steel:
Deep through his front the weighty falchion fell;
The crashing bones before its force gave way;
In dust and blood the groaning hero lay;
Forc'd from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore.
The fierce Atrides spurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and, loud-exulting, said:
Thus, Trojans, thus at length be taught to fear;
O race perfidious, who delight in war!
Already noble deeds, ye have perform'd,
A princess rap'd transcends a navy storm'd:
In such bold feats your impious might approve,
Without the assistance, or the fear, of Jove.
The violated rites, the ravish'd dame,
Our heroes slaughter'd, and our ships on flame,
Crimes heap'd on crimes, shall bend your glory down,
And whelm in ruins your flagitious town.
O thou, great Father! Lord of earth and skies,
Above the thought of man! supremely wise!
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe,
A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust?
The best of things, beyond their measure cloy;
Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy;
The feast, the dance; whate'er mankind desire,
E'en the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.
But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
A thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight.

This said, he seiz'd (while yet the carcass heav'd)
The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:
Then sudden mix'd among his warring crew,
And the bold son of Pylæmenes slew,
Harpalion had through Asia travell'd far,
Following his martial father to the war:
Through filial love he left his native shore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unsuccessful spear he chanc'd to fling
Against the target of the Spartan king;
Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies,
And turn'd around his apprehensive eyes.
Him, through the hip transpiercing as he fled,
The shaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point descends,
And driving down the swelling bladder rends:
Sunk in his sad companions arms he lay,
And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away;
(Like some vile worm extended on the ground)
While life's red torrent gushed from out the wound.
Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
In slow procession bore from off the plain.
The pensive father, father now no more!
Attends the mournful pomp along the shore;
And unavailing tears profusely shed;
And unreveng'd deplor'd his offspring dead.
Paris from far the moving sight beheld,
With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd;
His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race!
With his full strength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his seat in Corinth's stately town.
Polydus' son, a seer of old renown,
Oft had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad or slow disease at home:

He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,
And chose the certain, glorious path to death.
Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
The soul came issuing at the narrow vent:
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop useless on the ground
And everlasting darkness shades him round.
Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field;)
Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
And conquest hovers o'er th' Achaian bands:
With such a tide superior virtue sway'd,
And he* that shakes the solid earth, gave aid.
But in the centre, Hector fix'd, remain'd,
Where first the gates were forc'd, and bulwarks gain'd.
There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval station where th' Ajaces keep,
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whose humble barrier scarce the foes divides;
Where late in fight, both foot and horse engag'd,
And all the thunder of the battle rag'd)
There join'd, the whole Bœotian strength remains,
The proud Ionians with their sweeping trains,
Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epean force;
But, join'd, repel not Hector's fiery course.
The flower of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led,
Bias, and great Menestheus at their head.
Meges the strong, th' Epean bands controll'd,
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold;
The Phthians, Medon, fam'd for martial might
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
This drew from Pylachus his noble line;
Iphiclus' son: and that (Oïleus) thine:
(Young Ajax' brother, by a stol'n embrace;
He dwelt far distant from his native place,
By his fierce stepdame, from his father's reign
Expell'd and exil'd for her brother slain.)
These rule the Phthians, and their arms employ,
Mixt with Bœotians on the shores of Troy.

* Neptune.

Now side by side, with like unwearied care,
Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war:
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright ploughshare through the fallow soil,
Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the shining share;
O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow,
And streams of sweat down their sour foreheads flow.
A train of heroes follow'd through the field,
Who bore by turns great Ajax' seven-fold shield;
Whene'er he breathed, remissive of his might,
Tir'd with th' incessant slaughters of the fight.
No following troops his brave associate grace:
In close engagement an unpractis'd race,
The Locrian squadrons nor the javelin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield;
But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,
Or whirl the sounding pebble from the sling,
Dext'rous with these they aim a certain wound,
Or fell the distant warrior to the ground.
Thus in the van, the Telamonian train
Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain:
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky,
The mingled tempest on the foes they pour;
Troy's scattering orders open to the shower.
Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd;
But sage Polydamas discreetly brave,
Address'd great Hector, and this counsel gave:
Though great in all-thou seem'st averse to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;
To Gods and men thy matchless worth is known,
And every art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counsel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well?
Content with what the bounteous Gods have given,
Seek not alone to engross the gifts of heaven.

To some the powers of bloody war belong,
To some sweet music, and the charm of song;
To few, and wondrous few, has Jove assign'd
A wise, extensive, all-considering mind;
Their guardians these, the nations round confess,
And towns and empires for their safety bless.
If heaven have lodged this virtue in my breast,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the best.
See, as thou mov'st, on dangers, dangers spread,
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
Behold! distress'd within yon hostile wall,
How many Trojans yield, disperse or fall!
What troops, out-number'd, scarce the war maintain
And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain!
Here cease thy fury; and the chiefs and kings
Convok'd to council, weigh the sum of things.
Whether (the Gods succeeding our desires)
To yon tall ships to bear the Trojan fires;
Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,
Contented with the conquest of the day.
I fear, I fear, lest Greece not yet undone,
Pay the large debt of last revolving sun;
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!
The counsel pleased; and Hector with a bound,
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;
Swift as he leap'd his clanging arms resound.
To guard this post (he cried) thy art employ,
And here detain the scatter'd youth of Troy;
Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
And hasten back to end the doubtful day.
This said: the towering chief prepares to go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
And seems a moving mountain topt with snow.
Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder rise.
To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command,
Haste the bold leaders of the Trojan band:

But round the battlements, and round the plain
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain,
Deïphobus, nor Helenus the seer,
Nor Asius' son, nor Asius self appear.
For these were peirc'd with many a ghastly wound,
Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground;
Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay;
High on the wall some breath'd their souls away.
Far on the left, amid the throng he found
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
The graceful Paris; whom, with fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus th' impatient chief reprov'd:
Ill-fated Paris! slave to woman-kind,
As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
Where is Deïphobus, where Asius gone?
The godlike father, and th' intrepid son?
The force of Helenus dispensing fate;
And great Othryoneus, so fear'd of late?
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging God
Imperial Troy from her foundation nods;
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins shalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance swallow all.
When Paris thus: my brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deserv'd thy blame,
Though then not deedless, nor unknown to fame:
But since yon rampart by thy arms lay low,
I scattered slaughter from my fatal bow.
The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain;
Of all those heroes two alone remain;
Deïphobus, and Helenus the seer:
Each now disabled by a hostile spear.
Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires:
This heart and hand shall second all thy fires:
What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
But, 'tis not ours, with forces not our own,
To combat; strength is of the Gods alone.

These words the hero's angry mind assuage:
Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.
Around Polydamas, distain'd with blood,
Cebrion, Phalces, stern Orthæus stood.
Palmus, with Polypætes the divine,
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line,
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Ascania far,
The former day: the next engag'd in war.)
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps;
Then, gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps;
Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore;
Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:
Full in the blazing van great Hector shin'd,
Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.
Before him flaming, his enormous shield,
Like the broad sun, illumin'd all the field:
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray;
His piercing eyes through all the battle stray,
And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
Shot terrors round, that wither'd e'en the strong.
Thus stalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his look;
Whole nations fear'd: but not an Argive shook.
The towering Ajax, with an ample stride,
Advanc'd the first, and thus the chief defy'd:
Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear;
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thundering Jove we fear:
The skill of war to us not idly given,
Lo! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but heaven.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet: the Greeks have hands, and hearts.

Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boasted city, and your god-built wall
Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground,
And spread a long, unmeasur'd ruin round;
The time shall come, when chas'd along the plain,
E'en thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain;
E'en thou shalt wish to aid thy desperate course,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horse;
Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame.
  As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,
On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise,
And hail, with shouts, his progress through the skies:
Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side;
They ceas'd; and thus the chief of Troy replied:
  From whence this menace, this insulting strain?
Enormous boaster; doom'd to vaunt in vain.
So may the Gods on Hector life bestow,
(Not that short life which mortals lead below,
But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd Maid, or he that gilds the morn,)
As this decisive day shall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.
And thou, imperious! if thy madness wait
The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate:
That giant corpse, extended on the shore,
Shall largely feed the fowls with fat and gore.
  He said, and like a lion stalk'd along:
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his following host: the Grecian train
With answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain;
A shout that tore heaven's concave, and above,
Shook the fix'd splendours of the throne of Jove.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the Girdle of Venus.

Nestor, sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon: on his way, he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands: to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence; which advice is pursued. Juno seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to overreach him; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the God of Sleep, and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, she goes to mount Ida, where the God, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks: Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: several actions succeed, till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way; the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

But nor the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul;
His startled ears th' increasing cries attend:
Then thus, impatient to his wounded friend.
  What new alarm, divine Machaon, say,
What mixt events attend this mighty day?
Hark! how the shouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!
Here, with the cordial draught, dispel thy care,
Let Hecamede the strengthening bath prepare,

fresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore;
hile I the adventures of the day explore.
He said: and seizing Thrasymedes' shield,
lis valiant offspring) hasten'd to the field;
hat day, the son his father's buckler bore)
hen snatch'd a lance, and issued from the door.
oon as the prospect open'd to his view,
lis wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew,
ire disarray! the tumult of the fight,
he wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.
s when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps,
he waves just heaving on the purple deeps:
Vhile yet th' expected tempest hangs on high,
Veighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,
he mass of waters will no wind obey;
ove sends one gust, and bids them roll away.
Vhile wavering counsels thus his mind engage,
luctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian sage,
o join the host, or to the general haste;
ebating long, he fixes on the last:
et, as he moves, the fight his bosom warms;
he field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;
he gleaming falchions flash, the javelins fly;
lows echo blows, and all or kill, or die.
Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,
y tardy steps ascending from the fleet:
he king of men, Ulysses the divine,
nd who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
Their ships at distance from the battle stand,
n lines advanc'd along the shelving strand:
Vhose bay, the fleet unable to contain
t length; beside the margin of the main,
ank above rank, the crowded ships they moor:
Who landed first, lay highest on the shore.
Supported on their spears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breast,
. hom thus the general of the host address

O grace and glory of th' Achaian name!
What drives thee Nestor, from the field of fame?
Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd,
Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd?
Such was his threat, ah now too soon made good,
On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.
Is every heart inflam'd with equal rage
Against your king, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to see, with mournful eyes,
In every Greek a new Achilles rise?
Gerenian Nestor then: So Fate has will'd;
And all-confirming time has Fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from th' aerial bower,
Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And best defence, lies smoking on the ground:
E'en to the ships their conquering arms extend,
And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heaven ascend.
On speedy measures then employ your thought,
In such distress. If counsel profit aught;
Arms cannot much: though Mars our souls incite;
These gaping wounds withhold us from the fight.
To him the monarch: That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,
And that the rampart late our surest trust,
And best defence, lies smoking in the dust;
All this from Jove's afflicting hand we bear,
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Past are the days when happier Greece was blest,
And all his favour, all his aid confest;
Now heaven averse, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies.
Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,
And launch what ships lie nearest to the main;
Leave these at anchor till the coming night:
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight.

Better from evils, well foreseen to run,
Than perish in the danger we ma shun.
Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes:
What shameful words (unkingly as thou art)
Fall from that trembling tongue, and timorous heart?
Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner powers,
And thou the shame of any host but ours!
A host, by Jove endued with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
Adventurous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain?
And have whole streams of blood been spilt in vain?
In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whispers lest a Greek should hear.
Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
To think such meanness, or the thought declares?
And comes it e'en from him whose sovereign sway
The banded legions of all Greece obey?
Is this a general's voice, that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight?
What more could Troy? What yet their fate denies,
Thou giv'st the foe: all Greece becomes their prize.
No more the troops (our hoisted sails in view,
Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue;
But thy ships flying, with despair shalt see;
And owe destruction to a prince like thee.
Thy just reproofs (Atrides calm replies)
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise.
Unwilling as I am to lose the host,
I force not Greece to leave this hateful coast.
Glad I submit, whoe'er, or young or old,
Aught, more conducive to our weal, unfold.
Tydides cut him short, and thus began:
Such counsel if you seek, behold the man
Who boldly gives it; and what he shall say,
Young though he be, disdain not to obey:

A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs,
May speak to councils and assembled kings.
Hear then in me, the great Œnides' son,
Whose honour'd dust (his race of glory run)
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall;
With three bold sons was generous Prothoüs blest,
Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon possest;
Melas and Agrius, but (who far surpast
The rest in courage) Œneus was the last,
From him, my sire. From Calydon expell'd,
He pass'd to Argos and in exile dwell'd;
The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)
He won, and flourish'd were Adrastus reign'd;
There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield,
And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the field.
Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame!
Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.
Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire,
Attend, and in the son, respect the sire.
Though sore of battle, though with wounds oppresst,
Let each go forth and animate the rest,
Advance the glory which he cannot share,
Though not partaker, witness of the war.
But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight,
Safe let us stand; and from the tumult far,
Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war.
He added not: the listening kings obey,
Slow moving on: Atrides leads the way.
The God of Ocean (to inflame their rage)
Appears a warrior furrow'd o'er with age;
Great in his own the general's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero spoke:
Atrides, lo! with what disdainful eye
Achilles sees his country's forces fly;

Blind impious man! whose anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.
So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim
The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with shame!
But heaven forsakes not thee: o'er yonder sands
Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverse; while proud kings, and chiefs renown'd
Driven heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.
He spoke, then rush'd amid the warrior crew,
And sent his voice before him as he flew,
Loud, as the shout encountering armies yield,
When twice ten thousand shake the labouring field;
Such was the voice, and such the thundering sound
Of him, whose trident rends the solid ground.
Each Argive bosom beats to meet the fight,
And grisly war appears a pleasing sight.
Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
High-throu'd in gold, beheld the fields below;
With joy, the glorious conflict she survey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.
But plac'd aloft, on Ida's shady height
She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.
Jove to deceive, what method shall she try,
What arts to blind his all-beholding eye?
At length she trusts her power; resolv'd to prove
The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;
Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,
And lull the Lord of Thunders in her arms.
Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,
Sacred to dress and beauty's pleasing cares:
With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bower,
Safe from access of each intruding power.
Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold:
Self-clos'd, behind her shut the valves of gold.
Here first she bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial showers:

The winds perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
Thro' heaven, thro' earth, and all the aerial way:
Spirit divine! whose exhalation greets
The sense of Gods with more than mortal sweets.
Thus, while she breath'd of heaven, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant tresses tied:
Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her shoulders wav'd like melted gold.
Around her, next, a heavenly mantle flow'd,
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd:
Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round
A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple star.
Then o'er her head she casts a veil more white
Than new fall'n snow, and dazzling as the light.
Last, her fair feet celestial sandals grace.
Thus issuing radiant, with majestic pace,
Forth from the dome th' imperial Goddess moves,
And calls the Mother of the Smiles and Loves.
How long (to Venus thus apart she cry'd)
Shall human strife celestial minds divide?
Ah, yet will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And set aside the cause of Greece and Troy?
Let heaven's dread empress (Cytheræa said)
Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd.
Then grant me (said the Queen) those conquering charms,
That power which mortals and immortals warms,
That love which melts mankind in fierce desires,
And burns the sons of heaven with sacred fires?
For lo! I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents (sacred source of Gods!)
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the last limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were past;
What time old Saturn, from Olympus cast,
Of upper heaven to Jove resign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge mass of earth and main.

For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,
Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love shall I obtain,
If I compose those fatal feuds again;
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And what my youth has ow'd, repay their age?
She said. With awe divine the Queen of Love
Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove:
And from her fragrant breast the zone unbrac'd,
With various skill and high embroidery grac'd.
In this was every art and every charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm.
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still reviving fire,
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This, on her hand the Cyprian Goddess laid;
Take this, and with it all thy wish, she said.
With smiles she took the charm; and smiling prest
The powerful cestus to her snowy breast.
Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;
Whilst from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.
O'er high Pieria thence her course she bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleasing shore,
O'er Hæmus' hills with snows eternal crown'd,
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep,
She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.
Sweet, pleasing Sleep! (Saturnia thus began)
Who spread'st thy empire o'er each God and Man;
If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,
O Power of Slumbers! hear, and favour still:
Shed thy soft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,
While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine
With gold unfading, Somnus, shall be thine;
The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy ease,
When wine and feasts thy golden humours please.

Imperial Dame, (the balmy power replies)
Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies!
O'er other Gods I spread my easy chain;
The Sire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main.
But how, unbidden, shall I dare to steep
Jove's awful temples in the dew of sleep?
Long since too venturous, at thy bold command,
On those eternal lids I laid my hand:
What time, deserting Ilion's wasted plain,
His conquering son, Alcides, plough'd the main.
When lo! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,
And drive the hero to the Coan shore;
Great Jove, awaking, shook the blest abodes
With rising wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods;
Me chief he sought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky,
But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
(The friend of earth and heaven) her wings display'd
Impower'd the wrath of Gods and men to tame,
E'en Jove rever'd the venerable dame.
Vain are thy fears, (the Queen of Heaven replies
And speaking, rolls her large, majestic eyes)
Think'st thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won
Like great Alcides, his all-conquering son?
Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
For know, thy lov'd-one shall be ever thine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine.
Swear then (he said) by those tremendous floods
That roar through hell, and bind th' invoking Gods
Let the great parent Earth one hand sustain,
And stretch the other o'er the sacred main.
Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
To hear and witness from the depths of hell:
That she, my lov'd one, shall be ever mine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine.
The queen assents, and from th' infernal bowers,
Invokes the sable subterranean powers,

And those who rule th' inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian Gods.
Then swift as wind, o'er Lemnos' smoky isle,
They wing their way, and Imbrus' sea-beat soil,
Through air unseen, involv'd in darkness glide,
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide;
(Mother of savages, whose echoing hills
Are heard resounding with a hundred rills);
Fair Ida trembles underneath the God;
Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod;
There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise
To join its summit to the neighbouring skies;
Dark in embowering shade, conceal'd from sight,
Sat Sleep, in likeness of the bird of night.
(Chalcis his name by those of heavenly birth,
But call'd Cymindis by the race of earth.)
To Ida's top successful Juno flies;
Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes:
The God, whose lightning sets the heavens on fire,
Through all his bosom feels the fierce desire;
Fierce as when first by stealth he seiz'd her charms,
Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms,
Fix'd on her eyes, he fed his eager look,
Then press'd her hand, and thus with transport spoke
Why comes my Goddess from th' ethereal sky,
And not her steeds and flaming chariot nigh?
Then she—I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents of the deathless gods,
The reverend Ocean and gray Tethys reign,
On the last limits of the land and main.
I visit these, to whose indulgent cares
I owe the nursing of my tender years.
For strife, I hear, has made that union cease,
Which held so long this ancient pair in peace.
The steeds, prepar'd my chariot to convey
O'er earth and seas, and through th' aërial way
Wait under Ide: of thy superior power
To ask consent, I leave th' Olympian bower;

Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells
Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells.
For that (said Jove) suffice another day;
But eager love denies the least delay.
Let softer cares the present hour employ,
And be these moments sacred all to joy.
Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion prove,
Or for an earthly, or a heavenly love:
Not when I press'd Ixion's matchless dame,
Whence rose Perithoüs like the Gods in fame.
Not when fair Danaë felt the shower of gold
Stream into life, whence Perseus brave and bold.
Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame,
(Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came.)
Not Phœnix' daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung.
Not thus I burn'd for fair Latona's face,
Nor comelier Ceres' more majestic grace.
Not thus e'en for thyself I felt desire,
As now my veins receive the pleasing fire.
He spoke; the Goddess with the charming eyes
Glows with celestial red, and thus replies:
Is this a scene for love? On Ida's height
Expos'd to mortal and immortal sight;
Our joys profan'd by each familiar eye:
The sport of heaven, and fable of the sky.
How shall I e'er review the blest abodes,
Or mix among the senate of the Gods?
Shall I not think, that with disorder'd charms,
All heaven beholds me recent from thy arms?
With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bower,
Sacred to love and to the genial hour;
If such thy will, to that recess retire,
And secret there indulge thy soft desire.
She ceas'd; and smiling with superior love,
Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove;
Nor God, nor mortal shall our joys behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold;

Not even the sun, who darts through heaven his rays,
And whose broad eye th' extended earth surveys.
Gazing he spoke, and kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the Goddess threw.
Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers:
Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread,
And clustering lotos swell'd the rising bed,
And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,
And flamy crocus made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal'd the heavenly pair,
Steep'd in soft joys, and circumfus'd with air;
Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia round.
At length with love and sleep's soft power oppress,
The panting Thunderer nods, and sinks to rest.
Now to the navy borne on silent wings,
To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings;
Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd he stood,
And thus with gentle words address'd the God:
Now, Neptune! now th' important hour employ,
To check awhile the haughty hopes of Troy:
While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shed
The golden vision round his sacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somno's pleasing ties,
Have clos'd those awful and eternal eyes.
Thus having said, the power of Slumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And towering in the foremost rank of war,
Indignant thus——Oh once of martial fame!
O Greeks! if yet ye can deserve the name!
This half-recover'd day, shall Troy obtain?
Shall Hector thunder at your ships again?
Lo still he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires.
While stern Achilles in his wrath retires.
One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,
Be still yourselves, and we shall need no more.

Oh yet, if glory any boson warms,
Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms:
His strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield,
Each valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield;
Let to the weak the lighter arms belong,
The ponderous targe be wielded by the strong.
(Thus arm'd) not Hector shall our presence stay:
Myself, ye Greeks! myself will lead the way.
The troops assent; their martial arms they change
The busy chiefs their banded legions range.
The kings, though wounded, and opprest with pain,
With helpful hands themselves assist the train.
The strong and cumb'rous arms the valiant wield,
The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.
Thus sheath'd in shining brass, in bright array
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way:
His brandish'd falchion flames before their eyes,
Like lightning flashing through the frighted skies.
Clad in his might, th' earth-shaking Power appears
Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.
Troy's great defender stands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a God:
And lo! the God and wondrous man appear:
The sea's stern Ruler there, and Hector here.
The roaring main, at her great master's call,
Rose in huge ranks: and form'd a watery wall
Around the ships; seas hanging o'er the shores,
But armies join: earth thunders, ocean roars.
Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound,
When stormy winds disclose the dark profound;
Less loud the winds, that from th' Æolian hall
Roar through the woods, and make whole forests fall
Less loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour:
With such a rage the meeting hosts are driven,
And such a clamour shakes the sounding heaven
The first bold javelin urg'd by Hector's force,
Direct at Ajax' bosom wing'd its course,

But there no pass the crossing belts afford,
(One brac'd his shield, and one sustain'd his sword.)
Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
But 'scap'd not Ajax, his tempestuous hand
A ponderous stone upheaving from the sand,
(Where heaps laid loose beneath the warrior's feet,
Or serv'd to ballast, or to prop the fleet)
Toss'd round and round the missive marble flings;
On the raz'd shield the falling ruin rings,
Full on his breast and throat with force descends;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.
As when the bolt, red-hissing from above,
Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise;
Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand,
And own the terrors of th' Almighty hand!
So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore;
His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore;
His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
His load of armour sinking on the ground,
Clanks on the field; a dead, and hollow sound.
Loud shouts of triumph fill the crowded plain;
Greece sees, in hope, Troy's great defender slain:
All spring to seize him: storms of arrows fly;
And thicker javelins intercept the sky.
In vain an iron tempest hisses round;
He lies protected, and without a wound.
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warrior of Anchises' line,
And each bold leader of the Lycian band;
With covering shields (a friendly circle) stand.
His mournful followers, with assistant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear;

His foaming coursers, swifter than the wind,
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.
When now they touch'd the mead's enamell'd side,
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his easy tide,
With watery drops the chief they sprinkle round,
Plac'd on the margin of the flowery ground;
Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore,
Now faints anew, low sinking on the shore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting skies,
And seals again, by fits, his swimming eyes.
Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,
With double fury each invades the field.
Oïlean Ajax first his javelin sped,
Pierc'd by whose point the son of Enops bled;
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neïs bore
Amidst her flocks, on Satnio's silver shore)
Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior lies
Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.
An arduous battle rose around the dead;
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled.
Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near,
And at Prothœnor shook the trembling spear;
The driving javelin through his shoulder thrust,
He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.
Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield.
From this unerring hand there flies no dart
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.
Prompt on that spear to which thou ow'st thy fall,
Go, guide thy darksome steps to Pluto's dreary hall!
He said, and sorrow touch'd each Argive breast:
The soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest.
As by his side the groaning warrior fell,
At the fierce foe he lanc'd his piercing steel:
The foe reclining, shunn'd the flying death;
But Fate, Archilochus, demands thy breath:
Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart,

Swift to perform heaven's fatal will it fled,
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
The dropping head first tumbled to the plain.
So just the stroke, that yet the body stood
Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.
  Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes!
(The towering Ajax loud insulting cries)
Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor slain?
Mark well his port! his figure and his face,
Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son.
  He spake, and smil'd severe, for well he knew
The bleeding youth: Troy sadden'd at the view.
But furious Acamas aveng'd his cause;
As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws,
He pierc'd his heart—Such fate attends you all,
Proud Argives! destin'd by our arms to fall.
Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece shall share
The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath,
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.
  Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host,
But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most;
At the proud boaster he directs his course;
The boaster flies, and shuns superior force.
But young Ilioneus receiv'd the spear;
Ilioneus, his father's only care,
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain:)
Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove through the neck and hurl'd him to the plain:
He lifts his miserable arms in vain!

rift his broad falchion fierce Peneleus spread,
nd from the spouting shoulders struck his head;
earth at once the head and helmet fly;
e lance, yet striking through the bleeding eye,
ne victor seiz'd; and as aloft he shook
he gory visage, thus insulting spoke:
Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
Haste, to his father let the tale be told:
et his high roof resound with frantic wo
ich, as the house of Promachus must know;
t doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
ich, as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear;
hen we victorious shall to Greece return,
nd the pale matron in our triumph's mourn.
Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the head on high;
he Trojans, hear, they tremble and they fly:
ghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,
nd dread the ruin that impends on all.
Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus shine,
e all-beholding, all-recording Nine!
say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero, first embrued the field?
f all the Grecians what immortal name,
nd whose blest trophies will ye raise to fame?
Thou first, great Ajax; on th' ensanguin'd plain
aid Hyrtius, leader of the Mysian train.
halces, and Mermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew,
old Merion, Morys, and Hippotion slew.
trong Periphætes, and Prothoön bled,
y Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead.
ierc'd in the flank by Menelaüs' steel,
is people's pastor, Hyperenor, fell;
ternal darkness wrapt the warrior round,
nd the fierce soul came rushing through the wound.
ut stretch'd in heaps before Oïleus' son,
all mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
jax the less, of all the Grecian race
kill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chase.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fifth Battle, at the Ships; and the Acts of Ajax.

Jupiter awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks; he is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions; she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the assembly of the Gods, attempts with extraordinary address to incense them against Jupiter; in particular she touches Mars with a violent resentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

Now in swift flight they pass the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground:
Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.
Meanwhile, awaken'd from his dream of love,
On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove:
Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,
There saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue;
These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain;
And, midst the war, the monarch of the main.
Not far, great Hector on the dust he spies,
(His sad associates round with weeping eyes)
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His senses wandering to the verge of death.

The God beheld him with a pitying look,
And thus, incens'd to fraudful Juno spoke:
O thou, still adverse to th' eternal will
For ever studious in promoting ill!
Thy arts have made the godlike Hector yield,
And driven his conquering squadrons from the field.
Canst thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withstand
Our power immense, and brave th' almighty hand?
Hast thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high,
From the vast concave of the spangled sky,
I hung thee trembling in a golden chain;
And all the raging Gods oppos'd in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from the Olympian hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.
For godlike Hercules these deeds were done,
Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son:
When, by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas tost
The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast:
Him through a thousand forms of death I bore,
And sent to Argos, and his native shore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Lest arts and blandishments successless prove,
Thy soft deceits, and well-dissembled love.
The Thunderer spoke: imperial Juno mourn'd,
And, trembling, these submissive words return'd:
By every oath that Powers immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all-infolding skies,
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow
Through the drear realm of gliding ghosts below:
By the dread honours of thy sacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
Not by my arts the Ruler of the main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain:
By his own ardour, his own pity sway'd
To help his Greeks; he fought, and disobey'd:
Else had thy Juno better counsels given,
And taught submission to the Sire of heaven.

Think'st thou with me? fair Empress of the skies!
(Th' immortal father with a smile replies!)
Then soon the haughty sea-god shall obey,
Nor dare to act, but when we point the way.
If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon bright synod on th' Olympian hill;
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the God that bears the silver bow.
Let her descend, and from the embattled plain
Command the sea-god to his watery reign:
While Phœbus hastes, great Hector to prepare
To rise afresh, and once more wake the war,
His labouring bosom re-inspires with breath,
And calls his senses from the verge of death.
Greece chas'd by Troy, e'en to Achilles' fleet,
Shall fall by thousands at the hero's feet.
He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain,
Shall send Patroclus, but shall send in vain.
What youths he slaughters under Ilion's walls?
E'en my lov'd son, divine Sarpedon, falls!
Vanquish'd at last by Hector's lance he lies.
Then, nor till then, shall great Achilles rise:
And lo! that instant godlike Hector dies.
From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
Pallas assists, and lofty Ilion burns.
Not till that day shall Jove relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heavenly host engage
In aid of Greece. The promise of a God
I gave, and seal'd it with th' almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the stars to raise;
Such was our word, and Fate the word obeys.
The trembling Queen (th' almighty order given)
Swift from th' Idæan summit shot to heaven.
As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er
In thought a length of lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space;

So swift flew Juno to the blest abodes,
If thought of man can match the speed of Gods,
There sat the Powers in awful synod plac'd;
They bow'd, and made obeisance as she pass'd,
Through all the brazen dome, with goblets crown'd,
They hail her queen; the nectar streams around.
Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl,
And anxious asks what cares disturb her soul?
To whom the white-arm'd Goddess thus replies:
Enough thou know'st, the Tyrant of the skies
Severely bent his purpose to fulfil,
Unmov'd his mind, and unrestrain'd his will,
Go thou, the feasts of heaven attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall;
But Jove shall thunder through th' ethereal dome,
Such stern decrees, such threaten'd woes to come,
As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprise,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the skies.
The Goddess said, and sullen took her place;
Blank horror sadden'd each celestial face.
To see the gathering grudge in every breast,
Smiles on her lip a spleenful joy exprest;
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sad stedfast care, and lowering discontent.
Thus she proceeds—Attend, ye Powers above!
But know, 'tis madness to contest with Jove;
Supreme he sits; and sees in pride of sway,
Your vassal Godheads grudgingly obey:
Fierce in the majesty of power controls;
Shakes all the thrones of heaven, and bends the poles.
Submiss, Immortals! all he wills, obey:
And thou, great Mars, begin and show the way.
Behold Ascalaphus! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh;
Thy own lov'd boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boasted offspring be thy own.
Stern Mars with anguish for his slaughter'd son,
Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun:

Thus then, Immortals! thus shall Mars obey;
Forgive me, Gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Descending first to yon forbidden plain,
The God of battles dares avenge the slain;
Dares, though the thunder bursting o'er my head
Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead.
With that he gives command to Fear and Flight
To join his rapid coursers for the fight:
Then, grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies;
Arms, that reflect a radiance through the skies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driven,
Discharg'd his wrath on half the host of heaven;
But Pallas, springing through the bright abode,
Starts from her azure throne to calm the God.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic Mars she snatch'd the shield and spear;
Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus to th' impetuous homicide she said:
By what wild passion, furious! art thou tost?
Striv'st thou with Jove? thou art already lost.
Shall not the Thunderer's dread command restrain?
And was imperial Juno heard in vain?
Back to the skies wouldst thou with shame be driven,
And in thy guilt involve the host of heaven?
Ilion and Greece no more shall Jove engage;
The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage,
Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate,
And one vast ruin whelm th' Olympian state.
Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call;
Heroes as great have died, and yet shall fall.
Why should heaven's law with foolish man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?
This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne;
Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan.
Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
The winged Iris, and the God of Day.
Go, wait the Thunderer's will (Saturnia cried)
On yon tall summit of the fountful Ide.

There in the Father's awful presence stand,
Receive, and execute his dread command.
  She said, and sat: the God that gilds the day,
And various Iris, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hills they came
(Fair nurse of fountains and of savage game;)
There sat th' Eternal; he whose nod controls
The trembling world, and shakes the steady poles.
Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round.
Well-pleas'd the Thunderer saw their earnest care,
And prompt obedience to the Queen of Air;
Then (while a smile serenes his awful brow)
Commands the Goddess of the showery bow.
  Iris! descend, and what we here ordain
Report to yon mad tyrant of the main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuse, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,
If heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?
Strives he with me, by whom his power was given,
And is there equal to the Lord of heaven?
  Th' Almighty spoke; the Goddess wing'd her flight
To sacred Ilion from th' Idæan height.
Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy snows
Drive through the skies, when Boreas fiercely blows,
So from the clouds, descending Iris falls,
And to blue Neptune thus the goddess calls:
  Attend the mandate of the Sire above;
In me behold the messenger of Jove:
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,
If heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?

Striv'st thou with him, by whom all power is given?
And art thou equal to the Lord of Heaven?
What means the haughty Sovereign of the skies,
(The king of ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
Rule as he will his portion'd realm on high;
No vassal God, nor of his train am I.
Three brother deities from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhea, earth's immortal dame:
Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know.
Infernal Pluto sways the shades below;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain;
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And hush the roarings of the sacred deep:
Olympus, and this earth, in common lie;
What claim has here the tyrant of the sky?
Far in the distant clouds let him control,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;
There to his children his commands be given,
The trembling, servile, second race of heaven.
And must I then (said she) O Sire of Floods!
Bear this fierce answer to the king of Gods?
Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent:
A noble mind disdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are given,
To scourge the wretch insulting them and heaven.
Great is the profit (thus the God rejoin'd)
When ministers are blest with prudent mind:
Warn'd by thy words, to powerful Jove I yield,
And quit, though angry, the contended field.
Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,
The same our honours, and our birth the same.
If yet, forgetful of his promise given
To Hermes, Pallas, and the Queen of Heaven;
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race:
Give him to know, unless the Grecian train
Lay yon proud structures level with the plain,

Howe'er th' offence by other Gods be past,
The wrath of Neptune shall for ever last.
Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,
And plung'd into the bosom of the flood.
The Lord of Thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus bespoke the Source of Light:
Behold! the God whose liquid arms are hurl'd
Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world;
Desists at length his rebel war to wage,
Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage;
Else had my wrath, heaven's thrones all shaking round,
Burn'd to the bottom of the seas profound;
And all the Gods that round old Saturn dwell,
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.
Well was the crime, and well the vengeance spar'd;
E'en power immense had found such battle hard.
Go thou, my son! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad ægis on thy active arm,
Be godlike Hector thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war
Let Ilion conquer, till th' Achaian train
Fly to their ships and Hellespont again:
Then Greece shall breathe from toils—the God-head said;
His will divine the son of Jove obey'd.
Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle through the liquid skies;
As Phœbus, shooting from th' Idæan brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector seated by the stream he seen,
His sense returning with the coming breeze,
gain his pulses beat, his spirits rise,
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;
Jove thinking of his pains, they past away,
To whom the God who gives the golden day:
Why sits great Hector from the field so far?
What grief, what wound withholds thee from the war?
The fainting hero, as the vision bright
Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his sight:

What blest Immortal, with commanding breath,
Thus wakens Hector from the sleep of death?
His Fame not told, how, while my trusty sword
Bath'd Greece in slaughter, and her battle gor'd,
The mighty Ajax, with a deadly blow
Had almost sunk me to the shades below?
E'en yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,
And hell's black horrors swim before my eye.
To him Apollo: Be no more dismay'd;
See, and be strong! the Thunderer sends thee aid.
Behold! thy Phœbus shall his arms employ,
Phœbus, propitious still to thee, and Troy.
Inspire thy warriors then with manly force,
And to the ships impel thy rapid horse:
E'en I will make thy fiery coursers way,
And drive the Grecians headlong to the sea.
Thus to bold Hector spoke the son of Jove,
And breath'd immortal ardour from above.
As when the pamper'd steed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and pours along the ground;
With ample strokes he rushes to the flood,
To bathe his sides, and cool his fiery blood;
His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies:
He snuffs the females in the well-known plain
And springs, exulting, to his fields again:
Urg'd by the voice divine; thus Hector flew,
Full of the God; and all his hosts pursue.
As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
Invade the mountain-goat, or branching hind;
Far from the hunter's rage secure they lie
Close in the rock (not fated yet to die;)
When lo! a lion shoots across the way!
They fly: at once the chasers and the prey.
So Greece, that late in conquering troops pursu'd,
And mark'd their progress through the ranks in blood,
Soon as they see the furious chief appear,
Forget to vanquish, and consent to fear.

Thoas with grief observ'd his dreadful course,
Thoas, the bravest of th' Ætolian force:
Skill'd to direct the javelin's distant flight,
And bold to combat in the standing fight;
Nor more in councils fam'd for solid sense,
Than winning words and heavenly eloquence.
Gods! what portent (he cried) these eyes invades?
Lo! Hector rises from the Stygian shades!
We saw him, late, by thundering Ajax kill'd:
What God restores him to the frighted field;
And, not content that half of Greece lie slain,
Pours new destruction on her sons again?
He comes not, Jove! without thy powerful will;
Lo! still he lives, pursues, and conquers still!
Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand,
The Greeks' main body to the fleet command:
But let the few, whom brisker spirits warm,
Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm.
Thus point your arms; and when such foes appear,
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.
The warrior spoke, the listening Greeks obey,
Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array.
Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion gave command,
The valiant leader of the Cretan band.
And Mars-like Meges: these the chiefs excite,
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
To flank the navy, and the shores defend.
Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,
And Hector first came towering to the war.
Phœbus himself the rushing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
High-held before him, Jove's enormous shield
Portentous shone, and shaded all the field;
Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift consign'd,
To scatter hosts, and terrify mankind.
The Greeks expect the shock, the clamours rise
From different parts, and mingle in the skies.

Dire was the hiss of darts by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-string sung;
These drink the life of generous warriors slain;
Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain.
As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the shield,
Sat doubtful Conquest hovering o'er the field;
But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
Deep horror seizes every Grecian breast,
Their force is humbled, and their fear confest.
So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,
No swain to guard them, and no day to guide,
When two fell lions from the mountain come,
And spread the carnage through the shady gloom.
Impending Phœbus pours around them fear,
And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
Heaps fall on heaps: the slaughter Hector leads;
First great Arcesilas, then Stichius bleeds;
One to the bold Bœotians ever dear,
And one Menestheus' friend, and fam'd compeer.
Medon and Iäsus, Æneas sped;
This sprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led;
But hapless Medon from Oïleus came;
Him Ajax honoured with a brother's name,
Though born of lawless love; from home expell'd,
A banish'd man, in Phylacè he dwell'd,
Press'd by the vengeance of an angry wife;
Troy ends, at last, his labours and his life.
Mecystes next, Polydamas o'erthrew;
And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor slew.
By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
Pierc'd through the shoulder as he basely flies.
Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors spoil the slain.
The Greeks dismay'd, confus'd, disperse or fall,
Some seek the trench, some skulk behind the wall.
While these fly trembling, others pant for breath,
And o'er the slaughter stalks gigantic Death.

On rush'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night;
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,
Points to the fleet: for, by the Gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;
No weeping sister his cold eye shall close,
No friendly hand his funeral pyre compose.
Who stops to plunder at this signal hour,
The birds shall tear him, and the dogs devour.
Furious he said; the smarting scourge resounds;
The coursers fly; the smoking chariot bounds:
The hosts rush on, loud clamours shake the shore;
The horses thunder, earth and ocean roar!
Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,
Push'd at the bank: down sunk th' enormous mound
Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
A sudden road! a long and ample way.
O'er the dread fosse (a late impervious space)
Now steeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous pass.
The wondering crowds the downward level trod;
Before them flam'd the shield, and march'd the God.
Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.
Easy, as when ashore an infant stands,
And draws imagin'd houses in the sands,
The sportive wanton, pleased with some new play,
Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes away.
Thus vanish'd, at thy touch, the towers and walls;
The toil of thousands in a moment falls.
The Grecians gaze around with wild despair,
Confus'd, and weary all the Powers with prayer;
Exhort their men with praises, threats, commands;
And urge the Gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
Experienc'd Nestor chief obtests the skies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes.
Oh Jove! if ever, on his native shore,
One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fattest firstlings of the fold;

If e'er thou sign'st our wishes with thy nod;
Perform the promise of a gracious God!
This day, preserve our navies from the flame,
And save the relics of the Grecian name.
Thus pray'd the sage: th' Eternal gave consent,
And peals of thunder shook the firmament;
Presumptuous Troy mistook th' accepting sign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies,
The roaring deeps in watery mountains rise,
Above the sides of some tall ship ascend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
Thus loudly roaring, and o'erpowering all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;
Legions on legions from each side arise;
Thick sound the keels; the storm of arrows flies.
Fierce on the ships above, the cars below,
These wield the mace, and those the javelin throw
While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,
And labouring armies round the works engag'd;
Still in the tent Patroclus sat, to tend
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
He sprinkles healing balms to anguish kind,
And adds discourse, the medicine of the mind.
But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy; then, starting from his seat,
With bitter groans his sorrows he exprest,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breast.
Though yet thy state requires redress (he cries)
Depart I must: what horrors strike my eyes!
Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
A mournful witness of this scene of wo:
I haste to urge him, by his country's care,
To rise in arms and shine again in war.
Perhaps some favouring God his soul may bend;
The voice is powerful of a faithful friend.
He spoke; and, speaking, swifter than the wind
Sprang from the tent, and left the ward behind.

Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack sustain,
But strive, though numerous, to repulse in vain!
Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.
As when a shipwright, with Palladian art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels every part:
With equal hand he guides his whole design,
By the just rule and the directing line:
The martial leaders, with like skill and care,
Preserv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms through all the ranks were tried
And every ship sustain'd an equal tide.
At one proud bark, high towering o'er the fleet
Ajax the great and godlike Hector meet;
For one bright prize the matchless chiefs contend;
Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend;
One kept the shore, and one the vessel trod;
That fix'd as Fate, this acted by a God.
The son of Clytius in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand;
But piero'd by Telamon's huge lance expires;
Thundering he falls, and drops th' extinguish'd fires
Great Hector view'd him with a sad survey,
As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay,
Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space:
Lo! where the son of royal Clytius lies;
Ah save his arms, secure his obsequies!
This said, his eager javelin sought the foe;
But Ajax shunn'd the meditated blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It stretch'd in dust unhappy Lycophron:
An exile long, sustain'd at Ajax' board,
A faithful servant to a foreign lord:
In peace, in war, for ever at his side,
Near his lov'd master, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,
And lies, a lifeless load, along the land.

With anguish Ajax views the piercing sight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight.
Teucer, behold! extended on the shore
Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplor'd, to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are those darts on which the Fates attend?
And where the bow, which Phœbus taught to bend?
Impatient Teucer hastening to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow display'd;
The well-stor'd quiver on his shoulders hung:
Then hiss'd the arrow, and the bow-string sung.
Clytus, Pysenor's son, renown'd in fame,
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name)
Drove through the thickest of th' embattled plains
The starting steeds, and shook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arrests him from behind.
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far,
The headlong coursers spurn his empty car.
Till sad Polydamas the steeds restrain'd,
And gave, Astynoüs, to thy careful hand;
Then, fir'd to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe,
Rage edg'd his sword, and strengthen'd every blow.
Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause
At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the destin'd way,
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.
But Hector was not doom'd to perish then:
Th' all-wise Disposer of the fates of men,
(Imperial Jove) his present death withstands;
Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands.
At its full stretch as the tough string he drew,
Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two;

Down dropp'd the bow: the shaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead.
Th' astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries;
Some God prevents our destin'd enterprise;
Some God, propitious to the Trojan foe,
Has, from my arm unfailing struck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.
Since heaven commands it (Ajax made reply)
Dismiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by;
(Thy arms no less suffice the lance to wield)
And quit the quiver for the pond'rous shield,
In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,
Thy brave example shall the rest inflame.
Fierce as they are, by long successes vain,
To force our fleet, or e'en a ship to gain,
Asks toil, and sweat, and blood: their utmost might
Shall find its match—no more: 'tis ours to fight.
Then Teucer laid his faithless bow aside;
The four-fold buckler o'er his shoulder tied;
On his brave head a crested helm he plac'd,
With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;
A dart whose point with brass refulgent shines,
The warrior wields; and his great brother joins.
This Hector saw, and thus exprest his joy,
Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame,
And spread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us; I saw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer strike his vaunted bow.
Indulgent Jove? how plain thy favours shine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How easy then, to see the sinking state
Of realms accurst, deserted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of Greece, and such is ours,
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your powers.
Death is the worst; a fate which all must try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliss to die.

The gallant man, though slain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free;
Entails a debt on all the grateful state;
His own brave friends shall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed;
And late posterity enjoy the deed!
This rous'd the soul in every Trojan breast:
The godlike Ajax next his Greeks addrest:
How long, ye warriors of the Argive race,
(To generous Argos, what a dire disgrace!)
How long on these curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd or to live, or die!
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your vessels catch the Trojan fire?
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates;
To your own hands are trusted all your fates;
And better far in one decisive strife,
One day should end our labour, or our life,
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,
Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands.
The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame,
And every kindling bosom pants for fame.
Then mutual slaughters spread on either side;
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius died;
There pierc'd by Ajax, sunk Laodamas,
Chief of the foot of old Antenor's race.
Polydamas laid Otus on the sand,
The fierce commander of th' Epeian band.
His lance bold Meges at the victor threw;
The victor stooping from the death withdrew;
(That valued life, O Phœbus! was thy care)
But Crœsmus' bosom took the flying spear:
His corpse fell bleeding on the slippery shore;
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.

Dolops, the son of Lampus, rushes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,
And fam'd for prowess in a well fought field:
He pierc'd the centre of his sounding shield:
But Meges Phyleus' ample breast-plate wore
(Well known in fight on Selles' winding shore;
The king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact and firm with many a jointed scale;)
Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won,
Had sav'd the father, and now saves the son.
Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
Now ting'd with Tyrian dye: in dust below,
Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow.
Meantime their fight the Spartan king survey'd,
And stood by Meges' side, a sudden aid,
Through Dolops' shoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its passage through the panting heart,
And issued at his breast. With thundering sound
The warrior falls extended on the ground.
In rush the conquering Greeks to spoil the slain;
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;
The hero most, from Hicetaon sprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young;
He (ere to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain;
But when oppress'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war;
For this, in Priam's court, he held his place,
Belov'd no less than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector singled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead.
Lo, Melanippus! lo, where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kindred dies?
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on—a distant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage;

Till Greece at once, and all her glory end,
Or Ilion from her towery height descend,
Heav'd from the lowest stone; and bury all
In one sad sepulchre, one common fall.
Hector (this said) rush'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour Melanippus glows:
Then Ajax thus—O Greeks! respect your fame,
Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame:
Let mutual reverence mutual warmth inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire.
On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.
His generous sense he not in vain imparts;
It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts,
They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And flank the navy with a brazen wall;
Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,
And stop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.
The fiery Spartan first, with loud applause,
Warms the bold son of Nestor in his cause.
Is there (he said) in arms a youth like you,
So strong to fight, so active to pursue?
Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed?
Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed.
He said: and backward to the lines retir'd;
Forth rush'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd;
Beyond the foremost ranks, his lance he threw
And round the black battalions cast his view.
The troops of Troy recede with sudden fear,
While the swift javelin hiss'd along in air.
Advancing Melanippus met the dart
With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart:
Thundering he falls; his falling arms resound,
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.
The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize;
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,

And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart
The distant hunter sent into his heart.
Observing Hector to the rescue flew;
Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.
So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd swain;
While conscious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gathering multitude resound,
Timely he flies the yet-untasted food,
And gains the friendly shelter of the wood.
So fears the youth; all Troy with shouts pursue,
While stones and darts in mingled tempests flew;
But, enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns
His manly breast, and with new fury burns.
Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove:
The Sire of Gods, confirming Thetis' prayer,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair;
But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.
On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the skies;
Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn,
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.
These fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
He raises Hector to the work design'd,
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe.
So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge javelin, and whole armies fall.
Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vast mountains, and involves the poles.
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For Jove his splendour round the chief had thrown,
And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one.

Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to stern Pallas, and Pelides' spear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what Fate allowed, the honours of a day!
Now all on fire for fame, his breast, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and single every prize;
Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
The Grecian phalanx, moveless as a tower,
On all sides batter'd, yet resists his power.
So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain,
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempest blow,
And sees the watery mountains break below.
Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall,
Like fire from Jove, and bursts upon them all:
Bursts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing through every shroud:
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears;
And instant death on every wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.
As when a lion rusning from his den,
Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen,
(Where numerous oxen, as at ease they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead;)
Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes:
The trembliug herdsman far to distance flies:
Some lordly bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)
He singles out; arrests, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he seiz'd, and slew:
Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,
In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame;
The minister of stern Euyrstheus' ire,
Against Alcides, Corpreus was his sire:

The son redeem'd the honours of the race,
A son as generous as the sire was base;
O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far
In every virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to yield!
Against the margin of his ample shield
He struck his hasty foot: his heels up-sprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan prest,
And plung'd the pointed javelin in his breast.
His circling friends, who strove to guard too late
Th' unhappy hero, fled, or shar'd his fate.
Chas'd from the foremost line, the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main:
Wedg'd in one body at the tents they stand,
Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy desperate band,
Now manly shame forbids th' inglorious flight;
Now fear itself confines them to the fight:
Man courage breathes in man; but Nestor most
(The sage preserver of the Grecian host)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost shores;
And by their parents, by themselves, implores.
O friends! be men: your generous breasts inflame
With equal honour, and with mutual shame!
Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents share:
Think of each living father's reverend head:
Think of each ancestor with glory dead;
Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue;
They ask their safety, and their fame, from you:
The Gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are lost, if you desert the day.
He spoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires;
Minerva seconds what the sage inspires.
The mist of darkness Jove around them threw
She clear'd, restoring all the war to view;
A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain,
And show'd the shores, the navy, and the main:

Hector they saw, and all who fly, or fight,
The scene wide-opening to the blaze of light.
First of the field great Ajax strikes their eyes,
His port majestic, and his ample size:
A ponderous mace, with studs of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long he swings around;
Nor fights like others fix'd to certain stands,
But looks a moving tower above the bands;
High on the decks, with vast gigantic stride,
The godlike hero stalks from side to side.
So when a horseman from the watery mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed)
Drives four fair coursers, practis'd to obey,
To some great city through the public way;
Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies;
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.
From ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew,
No less the wonder of the warring crew.
As furious Hector thunder'd threats aloud,
And rush'd enrag'd before the Trojan crowd:
Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores:
So the strong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the swans' or cranes' embodied flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And, stooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,
And breathes fierce spirits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battle mars,
Thick beats the combat on the sounding prores.
Thou wouldst have thought, so furious was their fight,
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece, yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;

Troy in proud hopes, already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain!
Like strength is felt from hope and from despair,
And each contends, as his were all the war.
'Twas thou, bold Hector! whose resistless hand
First seiz'd a ship on that contested strand;
The same which dead Protesilaüs bore,
The first that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan shore:
For this in arms the warring nations stood,
And bath'd their generous breasts with mutual blood
No room to poise the lance or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man they grow:
Wounded they wound; and seek each other's hearts
With falchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.
The falchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground;
With streaming blood the slippery shores are died,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.
Still raging Hector with his ample hand
Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud command.
Haste, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years
Is finish'd! and the day desir'd appears!
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with destruction of yon hostile fleet.
The coward counsels of a timorous throng
Of reverend dotards, check'd our glory long:
Too long Joye lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms:
In this great day he crowns our full desires,
Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires.
He spoke—the warriors, at his fierce command,
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
Even Ajax paus'd (so thick the javelins fly)
Stept back, and doubted or to live, or die.
Yet where the oars are plac'd, he stands to wait
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate:
Even to the last, his naval charge defends,
Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now portends;

E'en yet the Greeks with piercing shouts inspires,
Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.
O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,
Once sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war?
Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.
What aids expect you in this utmost strait?
What bulwarks rising between you and fate?
No aids, no bulwarks, your retreat attend;
No friends to help, no city to defend.
This spot is all you have, to lose or keep;
There stand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
'Tis hostile ground you tread; your native lands
Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.
Raging he spoke; nor farther wastes his breath,
But turns his javelin to the work of death.
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
Against the sable ships, with flaming brands;
So well the chief his naval weapon sped,
The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead:
Full twelve, the boldest in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The sixth Battle; the Acts and Death of Patroclus.

Patroclus (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles' troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without farther pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles' armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation; he beats them off from the vessels. Hector himself flies. Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulses and disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him; which concludes the book.

So warr'd both armies on th' ensanguin'd shore,
While the black vessels smok'd with human gore.
Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies;
The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
Not faster trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the sable waters flow.
Divine Pelides, with compassion mov'd,
Thus spoke, indulgent to his best belov'd:
  Patroclus, say, what grief thy bosom bears,
That flows so fast in these unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant, whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breast, with fonder passion weeps,

Not more the mother's soul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou hast mine! Oh tell me to what end
Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend?
Griev'st thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come sad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live, (our first, most tender care)
Thy good Menœtius breathes the vital air,
And hoary Peleus yet extends his days;
Pleas'd in their age to hear their children's praise.
Or may some meaner cause thy pity claim?
Perhaps yon relics of the Grecian name,
Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and sword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care,
And speak those sorrows which a friend would share.
A sigh, that instant, from his bosom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus spoke:
Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast,
Thyself a Greek; and, once, of Greeks the best!
Lo! every chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent,
Eurypylus, Tidides, Atreus' son,
And wise Ulysses, at the navy groan
More for their country's wounds, than for their own.
Their pain, soft arts of pharmacy can ease,
Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.
May never rage like thine my soul enslave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country slighted in her last distress,
What friend, what man, from thee shall hope redress?
No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind.
O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace
Nor ever amorous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender Goddess brought thee forth.

Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm,
A soul well-suiting that tempestuous kind,
So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind.
If some dire oracle thy breast alarm,
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, stop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and desert the war:
Without thy person Greece shall win the day,
And thy mere image chase her foes away.
Press'd by fresh forces, her o'er-labour'd train
Shall quit the ships, and Greece respire again.
Thus, blind to Fate! with supplicating breath,
Thou begg'st his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a boding sigh
Thy friend return'd; and with it, this reply:
Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears;
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can suggest;
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought engage,
Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage:
I made him tyrant: gave him power to wrong
E'en me: I felt it; and shall feel it long.
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conquest of her father's reign:
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave;
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the meanest slave.
But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are past;
'Tis time our fury should relent at last:
I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears:
Now Hector to my ships his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears.

Go, then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:
Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go, save the fleets, and conquer in my right.
See the thin relics of their baffled band,
At the last edge of yon deserted land!
Behold all Ilion on their ships descends;
How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends!
It was not thus, when, at my sight amaz'd,
Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:
Had not th' injurious king our friendship lost,
Yon ample trench had buried half her host.
No camps, no bulwarks, now the Trojans fear,
Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there:
No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son;
No more your general calls his heroes on;
Hector, alone, I hear; his dreadful breath
Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death.
Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain;
Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,
And give the Greeks to visit Greece again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command
Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,
And from thy deeds expects th' Achaian host
Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost.
Rage uncontrol'd through all the hostile crew,
But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.
Though Jove in thunder should command the war;
Be just, consult my glory, and forbear.
The fleet once sav'd, desist from farther chase,
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;
Some adverse God, thy rashness may destroy;
Some God, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.
Let Greece, redeem'd from this destructive strait,
Do her own work; and leave the rest to Fate.
Oh! would to all th' immortal powers above,
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove;

That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race survive;
Might only we the vast destruction shun,
And only we destroy th' accursed town!
Such conference held the chiefs; while on the strand,
Great Jove with conquest crown'd the Trojan band.
Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd,
So thick, the darts an iron tempest rain'd:
On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling javelins rung,
His breath, in quick, short pantings, comes, and goes;
And painful sweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at most;
Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post;
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and wo succeeds to wo.
Say, Muses, thron'd above the starry frame,
How first the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame?
Stern Hector wav'd his sword: and standing near
Where furious Ajax ply'd his ashen spear,
Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped,
That the broad falchion lopp'd its brazen head:
His pointless spear the warrior shakes in vain,
The brazen head falls sounding on the plain.
Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine,
Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign;
Warn'd, he retreats. Then swift from all sides pour
The hissing brands; thick streams the fiery shower;
O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,
And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.
Divine Achilles view'd the rising flames,
And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims:
Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aspires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame;
Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
I haste to bring the troops—The hero said;
The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.

He cas'd his limbs in brass; and first around
His manly legs with silver buckles bound
The clasping greaves; then to his breast applies
The flaming cuirass, of a thousand dies;
Emblaz'd with studs of gold his falchion shone
In the rich belt, as in a starry zone:
Achilles' shield his ample shoulders spread,
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:
Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
He flash'd around intolerable day.
Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' javelin stands,
Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands;
From Pelion's shady brow the plant entire
Old Chiron rent, and shap'd it for his sire;
Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The second to his lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
The winged coursers harness'd to the car;
Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed:
Whom the wing'd Harpy, swift Podarge, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy shore:
Swift Pedasus was added to their side,
(Once great Aëtion's, now Achilles' pride)
Who, like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,
A mortal courser, match'd th' immortal race.
Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around their chief they stand,
A grim, terrific, formidable band:
Grim as voracious wolves, that seek the springs
When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings;
When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood,
To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue,

Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And, gorg'd with slaughter, still they thirst for more.
Like furious rush'd the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread strength, and such their deathful view.
High in the midst the great Achilles stands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd for Ilion's shores
Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himself supreme in valour, as in sway.
First march'd Menestheus, of celestial birth,
Deriv'd from thee, whose waters wash the earth,
Divine Spirchius! Jove-descended flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a God.
Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by fame
The son of Boreas, that espous'd the dame.
Eudorus next; whom Polymele the gay,
Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
Her, sly Cellenius lov'd, on her would gaze,
As with swift step she form'd the running maze.
To her high chamber from Diana's quire,
The God pursued her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
The son confess'd his father's heavenly race,
And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chase.
Strong Echeclëus, blest in all those charms,
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms;
Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he sought and won the dame;
Her secret offspring to her sire she bare;
Her sire caress'd him with a parent's care.
Pisander follow'd; matchless in his art
To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart;
No hand so sure of all th' Emathian line,
Or if a surer, great Patroclus! thine.
The fourth by Phœnix' grave command was grac'd;
Laërces' valiant offspring led the last.
Soon as Achilles with superior care
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,

This stern remembrance to his troops he gave:
Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan throng,
Think what reproach these ears endur'd so long,
"Stern son of Peleus," (thus ye us'd to say,
While, restless, raging in your ships you lay)
"Oh nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield;
"Whose rage defrauds us of so fam'd a field,
"If that dire fury must for ever burn,
"What make we here? Return; ye chiefs, return!"
Such were your words—Now, warriors, grieve no more,
Lo there the Trojans! bathe your swords in gore!
This day shall give you all your soul demands;
Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!
Thus while he rous'd the fire in every breast,
Close, and more close, the listening cohorts prest;
Ranks wedg'd in ranks; of arms a steely ring
Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the king.
As when a circling wall the builder forms,
Of strength defensive against wind and storms,
Compacted stones the thickening work compose,
And round him wide the rising structure grows:
So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng,
Shield urg'd on shield, and man drove man along;
Thick undistinguish'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one sea, and wave before the wind.
Far o'er the rest, in glittering pomp appear,
There bold Automedon, Patroclus here;
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;
Two friends, two bodies, with one soul inspir'd.
But mindful of the Gods, Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his shady tent:
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold
(The presents of the silver-footed dame.)
From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame
Which never man had stain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor rais'd in offerings to the Powers divine

But Peleus' son; and Peleus' son to none
Had rais'd in offerings, but to Jove alone.
This ting'd with sulphur, sacred first to flame,
He purg'd; and wash'd it in the running stream.
Then cleans'd his hands; and fixing for a space
His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place
Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midst; and thus the God implor'd:
Oh thou Supreme! high-thron'd all-height above!
Oh great Pelasgic, Dodonæan Jove!
Who 'midst surrounding frosts, and vapours chill,
Presid'st on bleak Dodona's vocal hill:
(Whose groves, the Selii, race austere! surround,
Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground;
Who hear, from rustling oaks, thy dark decrees;
And catch the fates, low-whisper'd in the breeze,)
Hear, as of old! Thou gav'st, at Thetis' prayer,
Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair.
Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
The best, the dearest of my friends, I yield;
Though still determin'd, to my ships confin'd;
Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind,
Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war;
Press'd by his single force, let Hector see
His fame in arms not owing all to me.
But when the fleets are sav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conquest and renown retire;
Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,
And safe return him to these eyes again!
Great Jove consents to half the chief's request,
But heaven's eternal doom denies the rest;
To free the fleet was granted to his prayer;
His safe return, the winds dispers'd in air.
Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.
Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus' care,
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.

As wasps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their mansions by the broad highway,
In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,
Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage:
All rise in arms, and with a general cry
Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms,
So loud their clamour, and so keen their arms.
Their rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires:
Oh warriors! partners of Achilles' praise!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days:
Your godlike master let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think, your Achilles sees you fight: be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you save.
Joyful they heard, and kindling as he spoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and smoke.
From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,
The hollow ships return a deeper sound.
The war stood still, and all around them gaz'd,
When great Achilles' shining armour blaz'd:
Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh,
At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.
Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus! flew,
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.
Close to the stern of that fam'd ship, which bore
Unblest Protesilaus to Ilion's shore,
The great Pæonian, bold Pyræchmes, stood;
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood)
His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.
His troops, that see their country's glory slain,
Fly diverse, scatter'd o'er the distant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the spreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ship proud Troy retires,
Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies:
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;

Triumphant Greece her rescu'd decks ascends,
And loud acclaim the starry region rends.
So when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heaven's expanse like one black ceiling spread:
Sudden, the Thunderer, with a flashing ray,
Bursts through the darkness, and lets down the day:
The hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise,
And streams, and vales, and forests strike the eyes;
The smiling scene wide opens to the sight,
And all th' unmeasur'd ether flames with light.
But Troy repuls'd, and scatter'd o'er the plains;
Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now every Greek some hostile hero slew,
But still the foremost, bold Patroclus flew;
As Arielycus had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
The brazen-pointed spear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
Headlong he fell. Next, Thoas, was thy chance,
Thy breast, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
His blow prevented, and transpierc'd his thigh,
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;
In darkness and in death the warrior lay.
In equal arms two sons of Nestor stand,
And two bold brothers of the Lycian band:
By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,
Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.
Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,
Defends the breathless carcass on the ground.
Furious he flies, his murderer to engage,
But godlike Thrasimed prevents his rage;
Between his arm and shoulder aims a blow;
His arm falls spouting on the dust below:
He sinks, with endless darkness cover'd o'er;
And vents his soul, effus'd with gushing gore.
Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, Amisodarus' seed:

Amisodarus, who, by Furies led,
The bane of men, abhorr'd Chimæra bred;
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his sons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty sire.
Stopp'd in the tumult, Cleobulus lies
Beneath Oïleus' arm, a living prize;
A living prize not long the Trojan stood;
The thirsty falchion drank his reeking blood:
Plung'd in his throat the smoking weapon lies;
Black death, and fate unpitying, seal his eyes.
Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame,
Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus came;
In vain their javelins at each other flew,
Now, met in arms, their eager swords they drew.
On the plum'd crest of his Bœotian foe,
The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow;
The sword broke short; but h , Peneleus sped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head:
The head, divided by a stroke so just,
Hung by the skin: the body sunk to dust.
O'ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds,
Pierc'd through the shoulder as he mounts his steeds,
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground:
His swimming eyes eternal shades surround.
Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open mouth receiv'd the Cretan steel:
Beneath the brain the point a passage tore,
Crash'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore:
His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils, pour a flood;
He sobs his soul out in the gush of blood.
As when the flocks neglected by the swain
(Or kids, or lambs) lie scatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge survey,
And rend the trembling, unresisting prey:
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came;
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.
But still at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd,
Still pointed at his breast, his javelin flam'd:

The Trojan chief, experienc'd in the field,
O'er his broad shoulders spread the massy shield,
Observ'd the storm of darts the Grecians pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing shower.
He sees for Greece the scale of conquest rise,
Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd allies.
As when the hand of Jove a tempest forms,
And rolls the cloud to blacken heaven with storms,
Dark o'er the fields th' ascending vapour flies,
And shades the sun, and blots the golden skies;
So from the ships, along the dusky plain,
Dire Flight and Terror drove the Trojan train.
E'en Hector fled; through heaps of disarray
The fiery coursers forc'd their lord away:
While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd;
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vast carnage bruis'd:
Chariots on chariots roll; the clashing spokes
Shock; while the madding steeds break short their yokes.
In vain they labour up the steepy mound;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with shouts, Patroclus flies;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skies;
Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight;
Clouds rise on clouds, and heaven is snatch'd from sight.
Th' affrighted steeds, their dying lords cast down,
Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest die,
Where horse and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.
No stop, no check, the steeds of Peleus knew;
From bank to bank, th' immortal coursers flew,
High-bounding o'er the fosse; the whirling car
Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,
And thunders after Hector; Hector flies,
Patroclus shakes his lance; but Fate denies.
Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,
The tide of Trojans urge their desperate course,

Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with incessant showers,
(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
Or judges brib'd, betray the righteous cause)
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
And opens all the flood-gates of the skies:
Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept away
Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main,
And trembling man sees all his labours vain.
And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd)
Back to the ships his destin'd progress held,
Bore down half Troy in his resistless way,
And forc'd the routed ranks to stand the day.
Between the space where silver Samoïs flows,
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires rose,
All grim in dust and blood, Patroclus stands,
And turns the slaughter on the conquering bands.
First Pronoüs died beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierc'd below the shield his valiant heart.
Thestor was next; who saw the chief appear,
And fell the victim of his coward fear;
Shrunk up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,
Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly:
Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the war,
And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
The javelin sticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that over-hangs the main,
An angler, studious of the line and cane,
Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore,
Not with less ease the barbed javelin bore
The gaping dastard: as the spear was shook,
He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.
Next on Eryalus he flies: a stone
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown;
Full on his crown the ponderous fragment flew,
And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two:

Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,
And death involv'd him with the shades of hell.
Then low in dust Epaltes, Echius, lie;
Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
Amphoterus, and Erymas succeed,
And last Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.
Where'er he moves, the growing slaughters spread
In heaps on heaps, a monument of dead.
When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
Grovelling in dust, and gasping on the field,
With this reproach his flying host he warms,
Oh, stain to honour! oh, disgrace to arms!
Forsake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, shall the war sustain:
The task be mine, this hero's strength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.
He spake; and, speaking, leaps from off the car;
Patroclus lights, and sternly waits the war.
As when two vultures on the mountain's height
Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry
The desert echoes, and the rocks reply:
The warriors thus oppos'd in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.
Jove view'd the combat; whose event foreseen,
He thus bespoke his Sister and his Queen:
The hour draws on; the Destinies ordain,
My godlike son shall press the Phrygian plain:
Already on the verge of death he stands,
His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.
What passions in a parent's breast debate!
Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate,
And send him safe to Lycia, distant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war;
Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,
And fatten with celestial blood the field?
Then thus the Goddess with the radiant eyes:
What words are these? Oh sovereign of the skies!

Short is the date prescrib'd to mortal man;
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow span,
Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began?
How many sons of Gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud Ilion, must resign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,
And murmuring Powers condemn their partial Jove.
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And when th' ascending soul has wing'd her flight,
Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
The breathless body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praise,
A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,
And lasting honours to his ashes give;
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live.
She said; the Cloud-compeller, overcome,
Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heavens distill'd
A shower of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The God, his eyes averting from the plain,
Laments his son, predestin'd to be slain,
Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native reign.
Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the shield, and pois'd the lifted spear:
From strong Patroclus' hand the javelin fled,
And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed;
The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk sustain,
He falls, and falling, bites the bloody plain.
Two sounding darts the Lycian leader threw;
The first aloof with erring fury flew,
The next transpierc'd Achilles' mortal steed,
The generous Pedasus of Theban breed,
Fix'd in the shoulder's joint he reel'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slippery ground.
His sudden fall th' entangled harness broke;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook:
When bold Automedon, to disengage
The starting coursers, and restrain their rage,

Divides the traces with his sword, and freed
Th' encumber'd chariot from the dying steed:
The rest move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.
'The towering chiefs to fiercer fight advance,
And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its dying force.
Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart;
Aim'd at his breast, it pierc'd the mortal part,
Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart.
Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine (fit mast for some great admiral)
Nods to the axe, till with a groaning sound
It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground.
Thus fell the king; and laid on earth supine,
Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine:
He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.
So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws
The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood,
Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow thro' the wood
Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying chief address'd his last command:
Glaucus, be bold; thy task be first to dare
The glorious dangers of destructive war,
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and supply the dead.
Tell them, I charg'd them with my latest breath
Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death.
What grief, what shame, must Glaucus undergo,
If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe!
Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;
Defend my body, conquer in my right;
That, taught by great examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.

He ceas'd; the Fates suppress'd his labouring breath,
And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death.
Th' insulting victor with disdain bestrode
The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trod;
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of blood,
And the soul issued in the purple flood.
His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain,
Unguided, now, their mighty master slain.
All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.
His painful arm, yet useless with the smart
Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,
Supported on his better hand he stay'd;
To Phœbus then ('twas all he could) he pray'd:
All-seeing monarch! whether Lycia's coast,
Or sacred Ilion, thy bright presence boast,
Powerful alike to ease the wretch's smart:
Oh hear me! God of every healing art?
Lo! stiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,
That thrills my arm, and shoots through every vein
I stand unable to sustain the spear,
And sigh, at distance from the glorious war.
Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,
Nor Jove vouchsaf'd his hapless offspring aid.
But thou, O God of Health! thy succour lend,
To guard the relics of my slaughter'd friend.
For thou, though distant, canst restore my might,
To head my Lycians, and support the fight.
Apollo heard; and, suppliant as he stood,
His heavenly hand restrain'd the flux of blood:
He drew the dolors from the wounded part,
And breath'd a spirit in his rising heart.
Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,
And owns th' assistance of immortal hands.
First to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms;

With horrid shouts they circle round the slain;
The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great Jove, to swell the horrors of the fight,
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night.
And round his son confounds the warring hosts
His fate ennobling with a crowd of ghosts.
Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls;
Agacleus' son, from Budium's lofty walls;
Who, chas'd for murder thence, a suppliant came
To Peleus and the silver-footed dame;
Now sent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's shade.
Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;
Hurl'd by Hectorean force, it cleft in twain
His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er the slain.
Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came,
And, like an eagle darting at his game,
Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band;
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,
Oh generous Greek! when with full vigour thrown
At Sthenelaüs flew the weighty stone,
Which sunk him to the dead: when Troy too near
That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear.
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the lists, or at the fighting foe;
So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd;
Till Glaucus turning, all the rest inspir'd.
Then Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:
Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,
With stately seats, and riches, blest in vain;
Him, bold with youth and eager to pursue
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and slew;
Pierc'd through the bosom with a sudden wound.
He fell, and, falling, made the fields resound.
Th' Achaians sorrow for their hero slain;
With conquering shouts the Trojans shake the plain.

And crowd to spoil the dead: the Greeks oppose;
An iron circle round the carcass grows.
Then brave Laogonus resign'd his breath,
Despatch'd by Merion to the shades of death:
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
The priest of Jove, and honour'd like his God.
Between the jaw and ear the javelin went;
The soul, exhaling, issu'd at the vent.
His spear, Æneas at the victor threw,
Who, stooping forward, from the death withdrew;
The lance hiss'd harmless o'er his covering shield,
And trembling struck, and rooted in the field;
There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.
Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)
And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize,
My spear, the destin'd passage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.
Oh valiant leader of the Dardan host!
(Insulted Merion thus retorts the boast)
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust,
An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust.
And if to this my lance thy fate be given,
Vain are thy vaunts; success is still from heaven:
This instant sends thee down to Pluto's coast;
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghost.
O friend (Menœtius' son this answer gave)
With words to combat, ill befits the brave;
Not empty boasts the sons of Troy repel,
Your swords must plunge them to the shades of hell.
To speak, beseems the council; but to dare
In glorious action, is the task of war.
This said, Patroclus to the battle flies;
Great Merion follows, and new shouts arise;
Shields, helmets, rattle, as the warriors close;
And thick and heavy sounds the storm of blows.
As through the shrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's axe resound;

Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,
While crackling forests fall on every side.
Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,
So fell the warriors, and so rung their arms.
Now great Sarpedon on the sandy shore,
His heavenly form defaced with dust and gore,
And stuck with darts by warring heroes shed,
Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead.
His long-disputed corse the chiefs enclose,
On every side the busy combat grows;
Thick as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode,
(The pails high foaming with a milky flood,)
The buzzing flies, a persevering train,
Incessant swarm, and chas'd, return again.
Jove view'd the combat with a stern survey,
And eyes that flash'd intolerable day.
Fix'd on the field his sight, his breast debates
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates:
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,
This instant see his short-liv'd trophies won,
And stretch him breathless on his slaughter'd son;
Or yet, with many a soul's untimely flight,
Augment the fame, and horror of the fight
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praise
At length he dooms; and that his last of days
Shall set in glory; bids him drive the foe;
Nor unattended see the shades below.
Then Hector's mind he fills with dire dismay;
He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away.
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he sees decline
The scales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.
Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall.
(So Jove decreed!) At length the Greeks obtain
The prize contested, and despoil the slain.

The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne,
Patroclus' ships the glorious spoils adorn.
Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling Jove:
Descend, my Phœbus! on the Phrygian plain,
And from the fight convey Sarpedon slain;
Then bathe his body in the crystal flood;
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with blood;
O'er all his limbs ambrosial odours shed,
And with celestial robes adorn the dead.
Those rites discharg'd, his sacred corse bequeath
To the soft arms of silent Sleep and Death.
They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear,
His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear;
What honours mortals after death receive,
These unavailing honours we may give!
Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height,
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathless hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud to silver Simoïs' shore;
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and drest
His manly members in th' immortal vest;
And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews,
Restores his freshness, and his form renews.
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,
Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the God's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;
The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid,
Where endless honours wait the sacred shade.
Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming coursers, and with loosen'd reins.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah, blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:
Against what Fate and powerful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain.
For he, the God, whose counsels uncontrol'd,
Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold,

The God who gives, resumes, and orders all,
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.
Who first, brave hero! by that arm was slain,
Who last, beneath thy vengeance press'd the plain;
When Heaven itself thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adrestus first; Autonoüs then succeeds;
Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds:
Epistor, Menalippus, bite the ground;
The slaughter, Elasus and Mulius crown'd:
Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night;
The rest dispersing, trust their fates to flight.
Now Troy had stoop'd beneath his matchless power,
But flaming Phœbus kept the sacred tower.
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus strook,
His blazing ægis thrice Apollo shook:
He tried the fourth; when, bursting from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:
Patroclus! cease; this heaven-defended wall
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;
Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand,
Troy shall not stoop e'en to Achilles' hand.
So spoke the God who darts celestial fires:
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires:
While Hector, checking at the Scæan gates
His panting coursers, in his breast debates,
Or in the field his forces to employ,
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.
Thus while he thought, beside him Phœbus stood,
In Asius' shape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood;
(Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas sprung,
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young)
Thus he accosts him. What a shameful sight!
Gods! is it Hector that forbears the fight?
Where thine my vigour, this successful spear
Should soon convince thee of so false a fear.
Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy shame.

Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed,
And heaven ordain him by thy lance to bleed.
So spoke th' inspiring God; then took his flight,
And plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight.
He bids Cebrion drive the rapid car;
The lash resounds, the coursers rush to war;
The God the Grecians' sinking souls deprest,
And pour'd swift spirits through each Trojan breast.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight;
A spear his left, a stone employs his right:
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
The falling ruin crush'd Cebrion's head,
The lawless offspring of king Priam's bed;
His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound
The bursting balls drop sightless to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides,
While the proud victor thus his fall derides:
Good Heavens! what active feats yon artist shows!
What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes!
Mark with what ease they sink into the sand!
Pity, that all their practice is by land!
Then rushing sudden on his prostrate prize,
To spoil the carcass fierce Patroclus flies:
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;
Pierc'd through the dauntless heart, then tumbles slain,
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
Defends the body, and provokes the war.
Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
And echoing roars rebellow through the shades.
Stern Hector fastens on the warrior's head,
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead.

While all around, confusion, rage, and fright
Mix the contending host in mortal fight.
So, pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood;
Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the sylvans groan;
This way and that, the rattling thicket bends,
And the whole forest in one crash descends.
Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,
In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage.
Darts shower'd on darts, now round the carcass ring,
Now flights of arrows bounding from the string:
Stones follow stones; some clatter on the fields,
Some hard, and heavy, shake the sounding shields.
But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains,
And, stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!
Now flaming from the Zenith, Sol had driven
His fervid orb through half the vault of heaven;
While on each host with equal tempest fell
The showering darts, and numbers sunk to hell.
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.
Then from amidst the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corse, and radiant arms
Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows,
And, breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the press like Mars himself he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onset slew.
There ends thy glory! there the fates untwine
The last, black remnant of so bright a line;
Apollo dreadful stops thy middle way;
Death calls, and Heaven allows no longer day!
For lo! the God in dusky clouds enshrin'd,
Approaching, dealt a staggering blow behind.
The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel;
His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses reel

In giddy darkness: far to distance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champaign rung.
Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore,
That plume, which never stoop'd to earth before;
Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine,
And shade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long—for fate pursues him, and the God.
His spear in shivers falls: his ample shield
Drops from his arm: his baldric strows the field:
The corslet his astonish'd breast forsakes:
Loose is each joint; each nerve with horror shakes
Stupid he stares, and all-assistless stands:
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!
A Dardan youth there was, well-known to fame,
From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name;
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horse,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course:
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His venturous spear first drew the hero's gore;
He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more;
Nor, though disarm'd, Patroclus' fury stood:
But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him short, and herded in the crowd.
Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear,
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
Retires for succour to his social train,
And flies the fate, which Heaven decreed, in vain.
Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat pursues:
The lance arrests him with a mortal wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.
With him all Greece was sunk; that moment all
Her yet-surviving heroes seem'd to fall.
So, scorch'd with heat, along the desert shore,
The roaming lion meets a bristly boar,

Fast by the spring; they both dispute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with blood;
At length the sovereign savage wins the strife,
And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.
Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He sternly views him, and triumphing cries:
Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of subverting Troy;
The fancied scenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
And thy soft pleasures serv'd with captive dames
Unthinking man! I fought, those towers to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee:
But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made;
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
Though much at parting that great chief might say,
And much enjoin thee, this important day,
"Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he said)
Without the bloody arms of Hector dead."
He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped.
Supine, and wildly gazing on the skies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies:
Vain boaster! cease, and know the Powers divine:
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;
To Heaven is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And Heaven itself disarm'd me ere my fall.
Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in fight:
By Fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy own.
But thou, imperious! hear my latest breath;
The Gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death.
Insulting man, thou shalt be soon, as I;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;
E'en now on life's last verge I see thee stand,
I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.

He faints; the soul unwilling wings her way
(The beauteous body left a load of clay,)
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast;
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!
Then Hector, pausing as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcass, thus address'd the dead:
From whence this boding speech, this stern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be given,
To Hector's lance? who knows the will of Heaven?
Pensive he said; then pressing as he lay
His breathless bosom, tore the lance away;
And upwards cast the corpse: the reeking spear
He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But swift Automedon with loosen'd reins
Wrapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal coursers drove;
Th' immortal coursers were the gift of Jove.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The seventh Battle, for the Body of Patroclus: the Acts of Menelaus.

Menelaus, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires; but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles deplore the loss of Patroclus; Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness; the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaus sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus's death; then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ships.

The time is the evening of the eight-and-twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

On the cold earth divine Patroclus spread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.
Great Menelaüs, touch'd with generous wo,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:
Thus round her new-fall'n young, the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes, and first born of her loves;
And anxious (helpless as he lies, and bare)
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcass came,
His broad shield glimmers, and his lances flame.
The son of Panthus, skill'd the dart to send,
Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend.

This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low;
Warrior, desist, nor tempt an equal blow:
To me the spoils my prowess won, resign;
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.
The Trojan thus: the Spartan monarch burn'd
With generous anguish, and in scorn return'd.
Laugh'st thou not, Jove! from thy superior throne,
When mortals boast of prowess not their own?
Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight,
Nor thus the boar (those terrors of the plain)
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vainest of the boastful kind
These sons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conquering steel
This boaster's brother, Hyperenor, fell,
Against our arm which rashly he defied,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,
No more to cheer his spouse, or glad his sire.
Presumptuous youth! like his shall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
Or, while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.
Unmov'd, Euphorbus thus: That action known,
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy destin'd head,
And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed,
On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,
To sooth a consort's and a parent's wo.
No longer then defer the glorious strife,
Let Heaven decide our fortune, fame, and life.
Swift as the word the missile lance he flings,
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But blunted by the brass innoxious falls.
On Jove the father, great Atrides calls,
Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain,
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain;

Wide through the neck appears the grisly wound,
Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms resound.
The shining circlets of his golden hair,
Which e'en the Graces might be proud to wear,
Intarr'd with gems and gold, bestrow the shore,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
As the young olive, in some sylvan scene,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in snowy flow'rets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heaven invades
The tender plant, and withers all its shades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin now defac'd and dead.
Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies:
Flies, as before some mountain lion's ire,
The village curs and trembling swains retire;
When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar
And see his jaws distil with smoking gore;
All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round,
They shout incessant and the vales resound.
Meanwhile Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
And urg'd great Hector to dispute the prize
(In Mentes' shape, beneath whose martial care
The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war.)
Forbear, he cried, with fruitless speed to chase
Achilles' coursers, of ethereal race;
They stoop not, these, to mortal man's command
Or stoop to none but great Achilles' hand.
Too long amus'd with a pursuit so vain,
Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus slain!
By Sparta slain! for ever now suppress
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast!
Thus having spoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight;

His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great Hector's soul; through all the war
He darts his anxious eye; and instant view'd
The breathless hero in his blood imbru'd,
(Forth swelling from the wound, as prone he lay)
And in the victor's hands the shining prey.
Sheath'd in bright arms, thro' cleaving ranks he flies,
And sends his voice in thunder to the skies;
Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan sent,
It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.
Atrides from the voice of storm divin'd,
And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind:
  Then shall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
Slain in my cause, and for my honour slain!
Desert the arms, the relics of my friend?
Or, singly, Hector and his troops attend?
Sure where such partial favour Heaven bestow'd,
To brave the hero were to brave the God:
Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field;
'Tis not to Hector, but to Heaven I yield.
Yet, nor the God, nor Heaven, should give me fear,
Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear:
Still would we turn, still battle on the plains,
And give Achilles all that yet remains
Of his and our Patroclus.—This, no more,
The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the shore,
A sable scene! The terrors Hector led.
Slow he recedes, and sighing quits the dead.
  So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a storm of darts;
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant, and retorted eyes.
Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd,
O'er all the black battalions sent his view,
And through the cloud the godlike Ajax knew;
Where labouring on the left the warrior stood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood,

There breathing courage, where the God of day
Had sunk each heart with terror and dismay.
To him the king: Oh Ajax, oh my friend;
Haste, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend:
The body to Achilles to restore,
Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
For naked now, despoil'd of arms he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize.
He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had stern Hector seiz'd his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;
But soon (as Ajax rear'd his tower-like shield)
Sprung to his car, and measur'd back the field.
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To stand a trophy of his fame in war.
Meanwhile great Ajax (his broad shield display'd)
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade;
And now before, and now behind he stood:
Thus in the centre of some gloomy wood,
With many a step the lioness surrounds
Her tawny young beset by men and hounds;
Elate her heart and rousing all her powers,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow lowers.
Fast by his side, the generous Spartan glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.
But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids:
Where now in Hector shall we Hector find?
A manly form without a manly mind.
Is this, O chief! a hero's boasted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name!
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preserve thy Troy:
'Tis time to try if Ilion's state can stand
By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand;
Mean, empty boast! but shall the Lycians stake
Their lives for you? those Lycians you forsake?

What from thy thankless arms can we expect?
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy base neglect:
Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls?
E'en where he died for Troy, you left him there,
A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air.
On my command if any Lycian wait,
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate
Did such a spirit as the Gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart,
(Such as should burn in every soul, that draws
The sword for glory, and his country's cause;)
E'en yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon carcass to the walls of Troy.
Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms, and honour'd corse again!
Greece with Achilles' friend should be repaid,
And thus due honours purchas'd to his shade.
But words are vain—let Ajax once appear,
And Hector trembles, and recedes with fear;
Thou dar'st not meet the terrors of his eye;
And lo! already thou prepar'st to fly.
  The Trojan chief with fix'd resentment ey'd
The Lycian leader, and sedate replied:
  Say, is it just (my friend) that Hector's ear
From such a warrior such a speech should hear?
I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.
I shun great Ajax? I desert my train?
'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain?
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,
And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.
But Jove's high will is ever uncontrol'd,
The strong he withers, and confounds the bold;
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow!
Come, through yon squadrons let us hew the way
And thou be witness, if I fear this day:

If yet a Greek the sight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero dare defend the dead.
Then turning to the martial hosts, he cries,
Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine
He strode along the field, as thus he said:
(The sable plumage nodded o'er his head)
Swift through the spacious plain he sent a look,
One instant saw, one instant overtook
The distant band, that on the sandy shore
The radiant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.
There his own mail unbrac'd the field bestrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the massy load.
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he stands,
The work and present of celestial hands;
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
As first to Peleus by the court of Heaven:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.
Him, proud in triumph, glittering from afar,
The God whose thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with pity, as apart he sate,
And conscious, look'd through all the scene of fate.
He shook the sacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the Godhead said:
Ah, wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory! and what fates attend?
In heavenly panoply divinely bright
Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight,
As at Achilles' self! beneath thy dart
Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn
Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away.

For ah! no more Andromache shall come,
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!
Then with his sable brow he gave the nod,
That seals his word; the sanction of the God.
The stubborn arms (by Jove's command dispos'd,
Conform'd spontaneous, and around him clos'd;
Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his members grew,
Through all his veins a sudden vigour flew,
The blood in brisker tides began to roll,
And Mars himself came rushing on his soul.
Exhorting loud through all the field he strode,
And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a God.
Now Mesthles, Glaucus, Medon, he inspires,
Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothoüs fires,
The great Thesilochus like fury found,
Asteropæus kindled at the sound,
And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.
Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
Of neighbouring nations, or of distant lands!
'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,
To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war;
Ye came to fight: a valiant foe to chase,
To save our present, and our future race.
For this, our wealth, our products you enjoy,
And glean the relics of exhausted Troy.
Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
To die or conquer, are the terms of war.
Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain,
Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,
With Hector's self shall equal honours claim;
With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame.
Fir'd by his words, the troops dismiss their fears,
They join, they thicken, they protend their spears;
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:

Vain hope! what numbers shall the field o'erspread,
What victims perish round the mighty dead!
Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war:
Our fatal day, alas! is come (my friend,)
And all our wars and glories at an end!
'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,
Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain,
We too must yield: the same sad fate must fall
On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.
See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,
And lo! it bursts, it thunders on our heads!
Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
The bravest Greeks: this hour demands them all.
The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
The field re-echoed the distressful sound.
Oh chiefs! oh princes! to whose hand is given,
The rule of men! whose glory is from Heaven!
Whom with due honours both Atrides grace:
Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race!
All, whom this well-known voice shall reach from far,
All, whom I see not through this cloud of war;
Come all! let generous rage your arms employ,
And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.
Oïlean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid;
Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,
And Merion, burning with a hero's rage.
The long succeeding numbers who can name?
But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
All Troy embodied, rush'd with shouts along.
Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves,
Where some swoln river disembogues its waves,
Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide
The boiling ocean works from side to side,
The river trembles to its utmost shore,
And distant rocks re-bellow to the roar.

Nor less resolv'd the firm Achaian band
With brazen shields, in horrid circle stand:
Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the warriors' shining helms in night:
To him the chief for whom the host contend,
Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:
Dead he protects him with superior care,
Nor dooms his carcass to the birds of air.
The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain,
Repuls'd, they yield, the Trojans seize the slain:
Then fierce they rally to revenge, led on
By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon.
(Ajax to Peleus' son the second name,
In graceful stature next, and next in fame.)
With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore;
So through the thicket bursts the mountain boar,
And rudely scatters, far to distance round,
The frighted hunter, and the baying hound.
The son of Lethus, brave Pelasgus' heir,
Hippothoüs, dragg'd the carcass through the war;
The sinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
With thongs, inserted through the double wound:
Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed;
Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed:
It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain;
The shatter'd crest and horse-hair strow the plain:
With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:
The brain comes gushing through the ghastly wound:
He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him spread
Now lies, a sad companion of the dead:
Far from Larissa lies, his native air,
And ill requites his parent's tender care.
Lamented youth! in life's first bloom he fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.
Once more at Ajax, Hector's javelin flies:
The Grecian marking as it cut the skies,
Shunn'd the descending death; which hissing on
Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphytus' son,

Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
The boldest warrior and the noblest mind:
In little Panopè for strength renown'd.
He held his seat, and rul'd the realms around.
Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
And deep transpiercing through the shoulder stood;
In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
The fields resounded with his weighty fall.
Phorcys, as slain Hippothoüs he defends,
The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
The hollow armour burst before the stroke,
And through the wound the rushing entrails broke
In strong convulsions panting on the sands
He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.
Struck at the sight, recede the Trojan train:
The shouting Argives strip the heroes slain.
And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field;
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With Jove averse, had turn'd the scale of fate
But Phœbus urg'd Æneas to the fight;
He seem'd like aged Periphas to sight:
(A herald in Anchises' love grown old,
Rever'd for prudence; and with prudence, bold.)
Thus he—what methods yet, oh chief! remain,
To save your Troy, though Heaven its fall ordain?
There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care,
By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
Have forc'd the powers to spare a sinking state,
And gain'd, at length, the glorious odds of fate.
But you, when fortune smiles, when Jove declares
His partial favour, and assists your wars,
Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,
And force th' unwilling God to ruin Troy.
Æneas through the form assum'd descries
The Power conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries:
Oh lasting shame! to our own fears a prey.
We seek our ramparts, and desert the day.

A God (nor is he less) my bosom warms,
And tells me, Jove asserts the Trojan arms.
He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew:
The bold example all his host pursue.
Then first, Leocritus beneath him bled,
In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomede;
Who view'd his fall, and, grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, sent his angry lance:
The whirling lance, with vigorous force address,
Descends, and pants in Apisaon's breast:
From rich Pæonia's vales the warrior came,
Next thee, Asteropeus! in place and fame.
Asteropeus with grief beheld the slain,
And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain:
Indissolubly firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, on buckler buckler spread,
And hemm'd with bristled spears, the Grecians stood,
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
Great Ajax eyes them with incessant care,
And in an orb contracts the crowded war,
Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
And stands the centre and the soul of all:
Fix'd on the spot they war, and, wounded, wound;
A sanguine torrent steeps the reeking ground;
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
And, thickening round them, rise the hills of dead.
Greece, in close order, and collected might,
Yet suffers least, and sways the wavering fight;
Fierce as conflicting fires, the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.
In one thick darkness all the fight was lost;
The sun, the moon, and all th' ethereal host
Seem'd as extinct: day ravish'd from their eyes,
And all heav'n's splendours blotted from the skies.
Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
The rest in sunshine fought, and open light
Unclouded there, the aërial azure spread,
No vapour rested on the mountain's head.

The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray,
And all the broad expansion flam'd with day.
Dispers'd around the plain, by fits they fight,
And here, and there, their scatter'd arrows light:
But death and darkness o'er the carcass spread,
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.
Meanwhile the sons of Nestor, in the rear,
Their fellows routed, toss the distant spear,
And skirmish wide: so Nestor gave command,
When from the ships he sent the Pylian band.
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy,
Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.
But round the corse, the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death:
O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs, their feet are cover'd o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills their eyes.
As when a slaughter'd bull's yet-reeking hide,
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to side,
The brawny curriers stretch; and labour o'er
Th' extended surface, drunk with fat and gore;
So tugging round the corse both armies stood;
The mangled body bath'd in sweat and blood:
While Greeks and Ilions equal strength employ,
Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.
Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,
Nor he whose anger sets the world in arms,
Could blame this scene; such rage, such horror reign'd,
Such Jove, to honour the great dead, ordain'd.
Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day.
He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,
In dust extended under Ilion's wall,

Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wish'd return prepares in vain:
Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
Was more than heaven had destin'd to his friend:
Perhaps to him: this Thetis had reveal'd;
The rest, in pity to her son conceal'd.
Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled.
Curs'd be the man (ev'n private Greeks would say)
Who dares desert this well-disputed day!
First may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice!
First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boast
We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost!
Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans said,
Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!
Then clash their sounding arms; the clangours rise,
And shake the brazen concave of the skies.
Meantime, at distance from the scene of blood,
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood;
Their godlike master slain before their eyes,
They wept, and shar'd in human miseries.
In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,
Now plies the lash, and sooths and threats in vain;
Nor to the fight nor Hellespont they go,
Restive they stood, and obstinate in wo:
Still as a tomb-stone, never to be mov'd,
On some good man or woman unreprov'd
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd, as stands
A marble courser by the sculptor's hands,
Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face,
The big round drops cours'd down with silent pace,
Congloibing on the dust. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in state,
Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
Nor Jove disdain'd to cast a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke:

Unhappy coursers of immortal strain!
Exempt from age, and deathless now in vain;
Did we your race on mortal man bestow,
Only, alas! to share in mortal wo?
For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth;
What wretched creature of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
A miserable race! but cease to mourn:
For not by you shall Priam's son be borne
High on the splendid car: one glorious prize
He rashly boasts; the rest our will denies.
Ourself will swiftness to your nerves impart,
Ourself with rising spirits swell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight shall bear
Safe to the navy through the storm of war.
For yet 'tis given to Troy, to ravage o'er
The field, and spread her slaughters to the shore;
The sun shall see her conquer, till his fall
With sacred darkness shades the face of all.
He said; and, breathing in th' immortal horse
Excessive spirit, urg'd them to the course;
From their high manes they shake the dust, and bear
The kindling chariot through the parted war:
So flies a vulture through the clamorous train
Of geese, that scream, and scatter round the plain.
From danger now with swiftest speed they flew,
And now to conquest with like speed pursue;
Sole in the seat the charioteer remains,
Now plies the javelin, now directs the reins:
Him brave Alcimedon beheld distrest,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief addrest:
What God provokes thee, rashly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickest war?
Alas! thy friend is slain, and Hector wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.
In happy time (the charioteer replies)
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes;

No Greek like him the heavenly steeds restrains,
Or holds their fury in suspended reins:
Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now Patroclus is an empty name!
To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign
The ruling charge: the task of fight be mine.
He said. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.
His friend descends. The chief of Troy descried,
And call'd Æneas fighting near his side.
Lo, to my sight beyond our hope restor'd,
Achilles' car, deserted of its lord!
The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them thro' the fight:
Can such opponents stand, when we assail?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.
The son of Venus to the counsel yields,
Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields;
With brass refulgent the broad surface shin'd,
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lin'd.
Them Chromius follows, Aretus succeeds,
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds;
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance! not fated to return.
Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind:
Oh keep the foaming coursers close behind!
Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow,
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
'Tis Hector comes; and when he seeks the prize,
War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies.
Then through the field, he sends his voice aloud
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring crowd,
With great Atrides. Hither turn (he said,)
Turn, where distress demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And save the living from a fiercer foe.

Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage:
Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine: th' event belongs to Jove.
He spoke, and high the sounding javelin flung,
Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young;
It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art;
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.
As when a pond'rous axe descending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a bound,
Then, tumbling, rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth; the air his soul receiv'd,
And the spear trembled as his entrails heav'd.
Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Discharg'd his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he shunn'd; the javelin idly fled,
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
In long vibrations spent its fury there.
With clashing falchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd,
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,
But left their slain companion in his blood.
His arms Automedon divests, and cries,
Accept, Patroclus, this mean sacrifice.
Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, some offering to thy shade.
So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore;
High on the chariot at one bound he sprung,
And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung.
And now Minerva from the realms of air,
Descends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The lord of Thunders sent the blue-ey'd Maid.
As when high Jove, denouncing future wo,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow,

(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, destructive war)
The drooping cattle dread th'impending skies,
And from his half-till'd field the labourer flies.
In such a form the Goddess round her drew
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.
Assuming Phœnix' shape, on earth she falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls:
And lies Achilles' friend, belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall?
What shame to Greece for future times to tell,
To thee, the greatest, in whose cause he fell!
Oh chief, oh father! (Atreus' son replies)
O full of days! by long experience wise!
What more desires my soul, than here unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd?
Ah would Minerva send me strength to rear
This wearied arm, and ward the storm of war!
But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread,
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.
Pleas'd to be first of all the powers addrest,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell despite
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.
So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'er)
Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore;
(Bold son of air and heat) on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and stings.
Fir'd with like ardour fierce Atrides flew,
And sent his soul with every lance he threw.
There stood a Trojan not unknown to fame,
Ëëtion's son, and Podes was his name;
With riches honour'd, and with courage blest,
By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his guest;
Through his broad belt the spear a passage found,
And pond'rous as he falls, his arms resound.
Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,
Like Phœnops, Asius' son, appear'd the God;

(Asius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main.)
Oh prince, (he cried) oh foremost once in fame!
What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name?
Dost thou at length to Menelaïs yield,
A chief once thought no terror of the field;
Yet singly, now, the long disputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies.
By the same arm illustrious Podes bled;
The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead!
This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of wo,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.
But now th' Eternal shook his sable shield,
That shaded Ide and all the subject field,
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud
Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
Th' affrighted hills from their foundation nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the God:
At one regard of his all-seeing eye,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly.
Then trembled Greece: the flight Peneleus led
For as the brave Bœotian turn'd his head
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
And raz'd his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:
By Hector wounded Letius quits the plain,
Pierc'd through the wrist; and, raging with the pain,
Grasps his once formidable lance in vain.
As Hector follow'd, Idomen addrest
The flaming javelin to his manly breast;
The brittle point before his corslet yields;
Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields:
High on his chariot as the Cretan stood,
The son of Priam whirl'd the missive wood:
But, erring from its aim, th' impetuous spear
Struck to the dust the squire and charioteer
Of martial Merion: Cœranus his name,
Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.

On foot bold Merion fought; and now, laid low,
Had grac'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe;
But the brave squire the ready coursers brought,
And with his life his master's safety bought.
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it shattered, and the tongue it rent,
Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein:
This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to desert the hopeless war;
Idomeneus consents; the lash applies;
And the swift chariot to the navy flies.
Nor Ajax less the will of heaven descried,
And conquest shifting to the Trojan side,
Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
To Atreus' seed, the godlike Telamon.
Alas! who sees not Jove's almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the Trojan band?
Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart:
Not so our spears: incessant though they rain,
He suffers every lance to fall in vain.
Deserted of the God, yet let us try
What human strength and prudence can supply;
If yet this honour'd corse, in triumph borne,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who tremble yet, scarce rescued from their fates,
And still hear Hector thundering at their gates,
Some hero too must be despatch'd to bear
The mournful message to Pelides' ear;
For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,
His friend, his lov'd Patroclus is no more.
But such a chief I spy not through the host:
The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost
In general darkness——Lord of earth and air!
Oh King! oh Father! hear my humble prayer:
Dispel this cloud, the light of Heaven restore;
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more

If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the face of day!
With tears the hero spoke, and at his prayer
The God relenting, clear'd the clouded air;
Forth burst the sun with all-enlightening ray;
The blaze of armour flash'd against the day.
Now, now, Atrides! cast around thy sight,
If yet Antilochus survives the fight,
Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news——Atrides hastes away.
So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds,
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds;
The darts fly round him from a hundred hands,
And the red terrors of the blazing brands:
Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits the untasted prey.
So mov'd Atrides from his dangerous place
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admonish'd, much adjur'd his train.
Oh, guard these relics to your charge consign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind:
How skill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart:
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
In death a hero, as in life a friend;
So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all sides sent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endued with sharpest eye
Of all that wing the mid aërial sky,
The sacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down and sees the distant thicket move;
Then stoops, and, sousing on the quivering hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
Not with less quickness, his exerted sight
Pass'd this, and that way, through the ranks of fight:

Till on the left the chief he sought, he found;
Cheering his men, and spreading deaths around.
To him the king. Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear,
Thy eyes have witness'd, what a fatal turn!
How Ilion triumphs, and th' Achaians mourn
This is not all: Patroclus, on the shore,
Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no more.
Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell
The sad Achilles, how his lov'd one fell:
He too may haste the naked corpse to gain;
The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain.
The youthful warrior heard with silent wo,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;
Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say
What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,
Who near him wheeling, drove his steeds along,
Then ran, the mournful message to impart,
With tearful eyes, and with dejected heart.
Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaüs stands,
(Though sore distrest) to aid the Pylian bands;
But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain;
Himself returns to his Patroclus slain.
Gone is Antilochus (the hero said)
But hope not warriors, for Achilles' aid:
Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his wo,
Unarm'd, he fights not with the Trojan foe.
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain,
'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain;
And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.
'Tis well (said Ajax) be it then thy care,
With Merion's aid, the weighty corse to rear;
Myself and my bold brother will sustain
The shock of Hector and his charging train:
Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side;
What Troy can dare, we have already tried,

Have tried it, and have stood. The hero said.
High from the ground the warriors heave the dead.
A general clamour rises at the sight:
Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight.
Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,
With rage insatiate, and with thirst of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Their furious hunters, drive the wounded boar;
But, if the savage turns his glaring eye,
They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.
Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
Wave their thick falchions, and their javelins shower
But Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
All pale they tremble, and forsake the field.
While thus aloft the hero's corse they bear,
Behind them rages all the storm of war;
Confusion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng
Of men, steeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:
Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire,
To whelm some city under waves of fire;
Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
Now crack the blazing temples of the Gods;
The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,
And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles.
The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load:
As when two mules along the rugged road,
From the steep mountain with exerted strength
Drag some vast beam, or mast's unwieldy length;
Inly they groan, big drops of sweat distil,
Th' enormous timber lumbering down the hill:
So these—Behind, the bulk of Ajax stands,
And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands.
Thus when a river swell'd with sudden rains
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
Some interposing hill the stream divides,
And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
Still close they follow, close the rear engage;
Æneas storms, and Hector foams with rage:

While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
That shriek incessant while the falcon, hung
High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.
So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry:
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay;
Such horror Jove imprest! yet still proceeds
The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Grief of Achilles, and new Armour made him by Vulcan

The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to show himself at the head of the intrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is borne off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions: but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine-and-twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles' tent, on the seashore, whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan

Thus like the rage of fire the combat burns;
And now it rises, now it sinks, by turns.
Meanwhile, where Hellespont's broad waters flow,
Stood Nestor's son, the messenger of wo:
There sat Achilles, shaded by his sails,
On hoisted yards extended to the gales;
Pensive he sat; for all that Fate design'd
Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.
Thus to his soul he said: Ah! what constrains
The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains?
Is this the day, which Heaven so long ago
Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of wo?

(So Thetis warn'd) when by a Trojan hand
The bravest of the Myrmidonian band
Should lose the light? Fulfill'd in that decree;
Fall'n is the warrior, and Patroclus he!
In vain I charg'd him soon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to shun Hectorean force in vain!
Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears.
Sad tidings, son of Peleus! thou must hear;
And wretched I, th' unwilling messenger!
Dead is Patroclus! For his corse they fight,
His naked corse; his arms are Hector's right.
A sudden horror shot through all the chief,
And wrapt his senses in the cloud of grief;
Cast on the ground, with furious hands he spread
The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head;
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears:
On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,
And roll'd, and grovell'd, as to earth he grew
The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms,
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms)
Rush'd from the tents with cries; and gathering round,
Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground:
While Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,
And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart;
Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantic wo,
And oft prevents the meditated blow.
Far in the deep abysses of the main,
With hoary Nereos, and the watery train,
The Mother Goddess from her chrystal throne
Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan.
The circling Nereids with their mistress weep,
And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.
Thalia, Glauce, (every watery name)
Nesæa mild, and silver Spio came:
Cymothoë and Cymodoce were nigh,
And the blue languish of soft Alia' eye.

Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,
Then Proto, Doris, Panope appear,
Thoa, Pherusa, Doto, Melita;
Agave gentle, and Amphithoë gay:
Next Callianira, Callianassa show
Their sister looks; Dexamene the slow,
And swift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
Iæra now the verdant wave divides:
Nemertes with Apseudes lifts the head,
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed;
These Orythia, Clymene, attend,
Mæra, Amphinome, the train extend,
And black Janira, and Janassa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair.
All these, and all that deep in ocean held
Their sacred seats, the glimmering grotto fill'd;
Each beat her ivory breast with silent wo,
Till Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow:
Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main!
How just a cause has Thetis to complain!
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
How more than wretched in th' immortal state!
Sprung from my bed a godlike hero came,
The bravest far that ever bore the name;
Like some fair olive, by my careful hand
He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land
To Troy I sent him; but the Fates ordain
He never, never must return again.
So short a space the light of heaven to view,
So short, alas! and fill'd with anguish too.
Hear how his sorrows echo through the shore!
I cannot ease them, but I must deplore;
I go at least to bear a tender part,
And mourn my lov'd-one with a mother's heart.
She said, and left the caverns of the main,
All bath'd in tears; the melancholy train
Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
While the long pomp the silver wave divides.

Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
Then, two by two, ascended up the strand.
Th' immortal Mother, standing close beside
Her mournful offspring, to his sighs replied;
Along the coast their mingled clamours ran,
And thus the silver-footed dame began:
Why mourns my son? thy late preferr'd request
The God has granted, and the Greeks distrest:
Why mourns my son? thy anguish let me share;
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.
He deeply groaning—To this cureless grief
Not e'en the Thunderer's favour brings relief.
Patroclus—Ah!—say, Goddess, can I boast
A pleasure now! revenge itself is lost;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain
Lost are those arms the Gods themselves bestow'd
On Peleus! Hector bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the Powers above
Thy charms submitted to a mortal love:
Oh hadst thou still, a sister of the main,
Pursued the pleasures of the watery reign;
And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed!
Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to come.
For soon, alas! that wretched offspring slain,
New woes, new sorrows shall create again.
'Tis not in fate th' alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart;
On these conditions will I breathe: till then,
I blush to walk among the race of men.
A flood of tears, at this, the Goddess shed,
Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead!
When Hector falls, thou diest.—Let Hector die,
And let me fall! (Achilles made reply)

Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and falling, wish'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, since from this miserable day,
I cast all hope of my return away,
Since unreveng'd, a hundred ghosts demand
The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand;
Since here, for brutal courage far repown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground,
(Others in council fam'd for nobler skill,
More useful to preserve, than I to kill)
Let me—But oh! ye gracious Powers above!
Wrath and revenge from men and Gods remove:
Far, far too dear to every mortal breast,
Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste;
Gathering like vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery blood, and darkening all the mind.
Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate;
'Tis past—I quell it; I resign to fate.
Yes—I will meet the murderer of my friend,
Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my end.
The stroke of fate the bravest cannot shun;
The great Alcides, Jove's unequall'd son,
To Juno's hate at length resign'd his breath,
And sunk the victim of all-conquering death.
So shall Achilles fall; stretch'd pale and dead,
No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
Let me, this instant, rush into the fields,
And reap what glory life's short harvest yields.
Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear
With frantic hands her long dishevell'd hair?
Shall I not force her breast to heave with sighs,
And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes?
Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful charms—
In vain you hold me—Hence! my arms, my arms!
Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,
That all shall know, Achilles swells the tide.
My son (Cerulean Thetis made reply,
To fate submitting with a secret sigh)

The host to succour, and thy friends to save,
Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave,
But canst thou, naked, issue to the plains?
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains.
Insulting Hector bears the spoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
Yet, yet awhile, thy generous ardour stay;
Assur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
Charg'd with refulgent arms, (a glorious load)
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.
Then turning to the daughters of the main,
The Goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train:
Ye sister Nereids! to your deeps descend;
Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend;
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vast Olympus' starry summits shine.
So tell our hoary sire—This charge she gave:
The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more ascends the blest abodes,
And treads the brazen threshold of the Gods.
And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's force,
Urge to broad Hellespont their headlong course:
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore
Safe through the tempest to the tented shore.
The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind;
And like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.
Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew;
Thrice to the skies the Trojan clamours flew:
As oft th' Ajaces his assault sustain;
But check'd, he turns: repuls'd, attacks again.
With fiercer shouts, his lingering troops he fires,
Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires;
So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcass slain.
Ev'n yet Patroclus had he borne away,
And all the glories of th' extended day:

Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
Secret, despatch'd her trusty messenger.
The various Goddess of the showery bow,
Shot in a whirlwind to the shore below;
To great Achilles at his ships she came,
And thus began the many-colour'd dame:
Rise, son of Peleus! rise divinely brave!
Assist the combat, and Patroclus save:
For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,
And falls by mutual wounds around the dead.
To drag him back to Troy the foe contends:
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends:
A prey to dogs he dooms the corse to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Rise, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)
Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame!
Who sends thee Goddess! from th' ethereal skies?
Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies:
I come, Pelides! from the Queen of Jove,
Th' immortal Empress of the realms above;
Unknown to him who sits remote on high,
Unknown to all the synod of the sky.
Thou com'st in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd)
Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?
Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,
Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day
Vulcanian arms: what other can I wield?
Except the mighty Telamonian shield?
That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax spread,
While his strong lance around him heaps the dead:
The gallant chief defends Menœtius' son,
And does, what his Achilles should have done.
Thy want of arms (said Iris) well we know,
But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go!
Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear;
Proud Troy shall tremble, and consent to fear:
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye,
Shall take new courage and disdain to fly.

She spoke, and past in air. The hero rose;
Her ægis Pallas o'er his shoulder throws;
Around his brow a golden cloud she spread:
A stream of glory flam'd above his head.
As when from some beleaguer'd town arise
The smokes, high-curling to the shaded skies
(Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,
When men distress'd hang out the sign of war;)
Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
With long-projected beams the seas are bright,
And Heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light:
So from Achilles' head the splendours rise,
Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies.
Forth march'd the chief, and distant from the crowd,
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud;
With her own shout Minerva swells the sound;
Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With shrilling clangour sounds th' alarm of war,
Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply;
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:
Hosts dropp'd their arms, and trembled as they heard;
And back the chariots roll, and coursers bound,
And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
Aghast they see the livid lightnings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flashing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd;
And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.
Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untimely rush'd
On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd:
While shielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-contended carcass of the slain.
A lofty bier the breathless warrior bears:
Around, his sad companions melt in tears.
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead,

Whom late triumphant with his steeds and car,
He sent refulgent to the field of war;
(Unhappy change!) now senseless, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a gaping wound.
Meantime unwearied with his heavenly way,
In ocean's waves th' unwilling light of day
Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,
And from their labours eas'd th' Achaian band.
The frighted Trojans (panting from the war,
Their steeds unharness'd from the weary car)
A sudden council call'd; each chief appear'd
In haste, and standing; for to sit they fear'd.
'Twas now no season for prolong'd debate;
They saw Achilles, and in him their fate.
Silent they stood: Polydamas at last,
Skill'd to discern the future by the past,
The son of Panthus thus express'd his fears;
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years:
The self-same night to both a being gave,
One wise in council, one in action brave:)
In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak;
For me, I move, before the morning break,
To raise our camp: too dangerous here our post,
Far from Troy's walls, and on a naked coast,
I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while engag'd
In mutual feuds, her king and hero rag'd;
Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail.
I dread Pelides now; his rage of mind
Not long continues to the shores confin'd,
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
Contending nations won and lost the day;
For Troy, for Troy, shall henceforth be the strife,
And the hard contest not for fame, but life.
Haste then to Ilion, while the favouring night
Detains those terrors, keeps that arm from fight;
If but the morrow's sun behold us here,
That arm, those terrors, we shall feel, nor fear

And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy
If Heaven permit them then to enter Troy.
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue.
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What force of thought and reason can supply:
Let us on counsel for our guard depend;
The town, her gates and bulwarks shall defend.
When morning dawns, our well-appointed powers,
Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty towers.
Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,
Till his spent coursers seek the fleet again:
So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the town.
Return? (said Hector fir'd with stern disdain)
What! coop whole armies in our walls again?
Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors, say,
Nine years imprison'd in those towers ye lay?
Wide o'er the world was Ilion fam'd of old
For brass exhaustless, and for mines of gold:
But while inglorious in her walls we staid,
Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd
The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,
And proud Mæonia wastes the fruits of Troy.
Great Jove at length my arms to conquest calls,
And shuts the Grecians in their wooden walls.
Dar'st thou inspirit whom the Gods incite;
Flies any Trojan? I shall stop his flight.
To better counsel then attention lend;
Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.
If there be one whose riches cost him care,
Forth let him bring them for the troops to share.
'Tis better generously bestow'd on those,
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.
Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,
Fierce on yon navy will we pour our arms.

If great Achilles rise in all his might,
His be the danger: I shall stand the fight.
Honour, ye Gods! or let me gain, or give!
And live he glorious, whosoe'er shall live!
Mars is our common lord, alike to all:
And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall.
The shouting host in loud applauses join'd:
So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind;
To their own sense condemn'd, and left to choose
The worst advice, the better to refuse.
While the long night extends her sable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
Stern in superior grief Pelides stood;
Those slaughtering arms so us'd to bathe in blood
Now clasp'd his clay-cold limbs: then gushing start
The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart,
The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,
Roars through the desert, and demands his young;
When the grim savage, to his rifled den
Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds;
His clamorous grief the bellowing wood resounds.
So grieves Achilles; and impetuous vents
To all his Myrmidons, his loud laments:
In what vain promise, Gods! did I engage,
When, to console Menœtius' feeble age,
I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to restore,
Charg'd with rich spoils, to fair Opuntia's shore?
But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,
The long, long views of poor designing man!
One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike,
And Troy's black sands must drink our blood alike:
Me too, a wretched mother shall deplore,
An aged father never see me more!
Yet, my Patroclus! yet a space I stay,
Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way.
Ere thy dear relics in the grave are laid,
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade;

That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine;
And twelve, the noblest of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
Thus let me lie till then! thus, closely prest,
Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast!
While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day
Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, wasting wide,
Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side
He spoke, and bid the sad attendants round
Cleanse the pale corse, and wash each honour'd wound.
A massy caldron of stupendous frame
They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rising flame:
Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides:
In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream;
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm'd the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
High on a bed of state extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen shade;
Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
That done, their sorrows, and their sighs renew.
Meanwhile to Juno, in the realms above,
(His wife and sister) spoke almighty Jove.
At last thy will prevails: great Peleus' son
Rises in arms: such grace thy Greeks have won.
Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
And thou the mother of that martial line?
What words are these (th' imperial dame replies,
While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes)
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And such success mere human wit attend:
And shall not I, the second Power above,
Heaven's Queen, and consort of the thundering Jove,
Say, shall not I, one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?

So they. Meanwhile the silver-footed dame
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
High-eminent amid the work divine,
Where Heaven's far-beaming brazen mansions shine.
There the lame architect the Goddess found,
Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in sweat from fire to fire he flew;
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common task his labour claim'd;
Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd,
That plac'd on living wheels of massy gold
(Wondrous to tell) instinct with spirit roll'd
From place to place, around the blest abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of Gods:
For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with flowers,
In moulds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
Just as responsive to his thought the frame
Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddess came:
Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair,
(With purple fillets round her braided hair)
Observ'd her entering! her soft hand she press'd,
And smiling, thus the watery Queen address'd:
What, Goddess! this unusual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! whatsoe'er the cause:
Till now a stranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taste the dainties of the bower.
High on a throne, with stars of silver grac'd,
And various artifice, the Queen she plac'd
A footstool at her feet; then calling, said,
Vulcan, draw near; 'tis Thetis asks your aid.
Thetis (replied the God) our powers may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!
When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky,
(My awkward form, it seems, displeas'd her eye)
She, and Eurynome, my griefs redrest,
And soft receiv'd me on their silver breast.
E'en then, these arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys I wrought.

Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and God:
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
Now since her presence glads our mansion, say,
For such desert what service can I pay?
Vouchsafe, O Thetis! at our board to share
The genial rites, and hospitable fare;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow.
Then from his anvil the lame artist rose;
Wide with distorted legs oblique he goes,
And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their chests his instruments of trade.
Then with a sponge the sooty workman drest
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breast.
With his huge sceptre grac'd, and red attire,
Came halting forth the Sovereign of the fire:
The monarch's steps two female forms uphold,
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;
To whom was voice, and sense, and science given
Of works divine (such wonders are in heaven!)
On these supported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where pensive Thetis sate;
There plac'd beside her on the shining frame,
He thus address'd the silver-footed dame:
Thee, welcome Goddess! what occasion calls
(So long a stranger) to these honour'd walls?
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.
To whom the mournful mother thus replies,
(The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes)
Oh, Vulcan! say, was ever breast divine
So pierc'd with sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd as mine?
Of all the Goddesses, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only such a weight of care!
I, only I, of all the watery race,
By force subjected to a man's embrace,

ho, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays
ie mighty fine impos'd on length of days.
rung from my bed, a godlike hero came,
ie bravest sure that ever bore the name;
ke some fair plant beneath my careful hand
e grew, he flourish'd, and he grac'd the land:
o Troy I sent him! but his native shore
ver, ah never, shall receive him more
'en while he lives, he wastes with secret wo)
or I, a Goddess, can retard the blow!
bb'd of the prize, the Grecian suffrage gave,
ie king of nations forc'd his royal slave:
or this he griev'd; and, till the Greeks oppress
equir'd his arm, he sorrow'd unredrest.
arge gifts they promise, and their elders send;
vain—he arms not, but permits his friend
is arms, his steeds, his forces, to employ;
e marches, combats, almost conquers Troy.
hen slain by Phœbus (Hector had the name)
t once resigns his armour, life, and fame,
ut thou, in pity, by my prayer be won:
race with immortal arms this short-liv'd son,
nd to the field in martial pomp restore,
'o shine with glory till he shines no more!
To her the Artist-god: Thy griefs resign,
ecure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.
could I hide him from the Fates as well,
r with these hands the cruel stroke repel,
s I shall forge most envied arms, the gaze
f wondering ages, and the world's amaze!
Thus having said, the Father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.
oon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths: and where the furnace burn'd,
Resounding breath'd: at once the blast expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires:
Just as the God directs, now loud, now low,
They raise a tempest, or they gently blow.

In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd.
And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils stand;
The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults rebound.
Then first he form'd th' immense and solid shield;
Rich, various artifice emblaz'd the field;
Its utmost verge a three-fold circle bound;
A silver chain suspends the massy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose
And godlike labours on the surface rose.
There shone the image of the master-mind:
There earth, there heaven, there ocean, he design'd;
Th' unwearied sun, the moon completely round;
The starry lights that heaven's high convex crown'd;
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear revolving points his golden eye,
Still shines exalted on th' ethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.
Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and Hymeneal rite;
Along the street the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, x me nuptial bea:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound:
Through the fair streets, the matrons in a row
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.
There in the forum swarm a numerous train,
The subject of debate a townsman slain:
One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one denied,
And bade the public and the laws decide:
The witness is produc'd on either hand:
For this, or that, the partial people stand:

Th' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands;
On seats of stone within the sacred place,
The reverend elders nodded o'er the case;
Alternate each th' attesting sceptre took,
And, rising solemn, each his sentence spoke.
Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,
The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right.
  Another part (a prospect differing far)
Glow'd with refulgent arms and horrid war.
'Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care,
A secret ambush on the foe prepare:
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.
They march; by Pallas and by Mars made bold:
Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour: these the squadron led,
August, divine, superior by the head!
A place for ambush fit, they found, and stood
Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.
Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem
If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And steers slow moving, and two shepherd swains;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.
In arms the glittering squadron rising round,
Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the ground;
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains!
The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear;
They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war;
They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;
The waving silver seem'd to blush, with blood.
There tumult, there contention, stood confest;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast,

One held a living foe, that freshly bled
With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead;
Now here, now there, the carcasses they tore:
Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore,
And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die.
A field deep furrow'd, next the God design'd,
The third time labour'd by the sweating hind;
The shining shares full many ploughmen guide
And turn their crooked yokes on every side.
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The master meets them with his goblet crown'd;
The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
Then back the turning plough-shares cleave the soil:
Behind, the rising earth, in ridges, roll'd;
And sable look'd, though form'd of molten gold.
Another field rose high with waving grain;
With bended sickles stand the reaper-train:
Here stretch'd in ranks the levell'd swarths are found,
Sheaves heap'd on sheaves here thicken up the ground.
With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the lands;
The gatherers follow, and collect in bands;
And last the children, in whose arms are borne
(Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of corn.
The rustic monarch of the field descries,
With silent glee the heaps around him rise.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.
The victim ox, the sturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repast, the women's care.
Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines;
A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,
And, curl'd on silver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place;
And pales of glittering tin th' enclosure grace.
To this, one path-way gently winding leads,
Where march a train with baskets on their heads,

(Fair maids and blooming youths) that smiling bear
The purple product of th' autumnal year.
To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings;
In measur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.
Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,
And speed to meadows, on whose sounding shores
A rapid torrent through the rushes roars:
Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,
And nine sour dogs complete the rustic band
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd;
And seiz'd a bull, the master of the herd:
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men withstood;
They tore his flesh, and drank the sable blood.
The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) desert the prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.
Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep through fair forests, and a length of meads;
And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between;
And fleecy flocks that whiten all the scene.
A figur'd dance succeeds: such once was seen
In lofty Gnossus; for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Dædalean art: a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
The maids in soft cymars of linen drest;
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest:
Of those the locks with flowery wreaths inroll'd;
Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,
That glittering gay, from silver belts depend.
Now all at once they rise, at once descend
With well taught feet; now shape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too swift for sight they spring,
And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost,
And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.

The gazing multitudes admire around:
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And general songs the sprightly revel end.
Thus the broad shield complete, the artist crown'd
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.
This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires,
He forg'd; the cuirass that outshines the fires,
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm imprest
With various sculpture, and the golden crest,
At Thetis' feet the finish'd labour lay;
She, as a falcon, cuts the aërial way,
Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
And bears the blazing present through the skies.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon.

Thetis brings to her son, the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled; the speeches, presents, and ceremonies, on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles; where Bryseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentations for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate; but the hero, not astonished at the prodigy rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirteenth day. The scene is on the seashore.

Soon as Aurora heav'd her orient head
Above the waves, that blush'd with early red,
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of Heaven with sacred light,)
Th' immortal arms the Goddess-mother bears
Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears,
Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corse; while all the rest
The sovereign's sorrows in their own exprest.
A ray divine her heav'nly presence shed,
And thus, his hand soft-touching, Thetis said
Suppress (my son) this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but Heaven that gave the blow;
Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd,
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a God.

Then drops the radiant burden on the ground;
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around:
Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.
Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the show,
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow;
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flash incessant like a stream of fire:
He turns the radiant gift; and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artist had design'd.
Goddess, (he cried) these glorious arms that shine
With matchless art, confess the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
But ah! the relics of my slaughter'd friend!
In those wide wounds through which his spirit fled,
Shall flies, and worms obscene, pollute the dead?
That unavailing care be laid aside,
(The azure Goddess to her son replied)
Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd shall remain
Fresh as in life, the carcass of the slain.
But go, Achilles (as affairs require;)
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire.
Then uncontroll'd in boundless war engage,
And Heaven with strength supply the mighty rage!
Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd
Nectareous drops, and rich ambrosia shower'd
O'er all the corse. The flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.
Achilles to the strand obedient went:
The shores resounded with the voice he sent
The heroes heard, and all the naval train
That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main,
Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known sound,
Frequent and full the great assembly crown'd;
Studious to see that terror of the plain,
Long lost to battle, shine in arms again.
Tydides and Ulysses first appear,
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the spear;

These on the sacred seats of council plac'd,
The king of men, Atrides came the last:
He too, sore wounded by Agenor's son.
Achilles (rising in the midst) begun:
  Oh monarch! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grécian state,
If (ere the day when by mad passion sway'd,
Rash we contended for the black-ey'd maid)
Preventing, Dian had despatch'd her dart,
And shot the shining mischief to the heart:
Then many a hero had not press'd the shore,
Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore;
Long, long shall Greece the woes we caus'd bewail,
And sad posterity repeat the tale.
But this no more, the subject of debate
Is past, forgotten, and resign'd to fate:
Why should (alas) a mortal man, as I,
Burn with a fury that can never die?
Here then my anger ends: let war succeed,
And e'en as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.
Now call the hosts, and try, if in our sight,
Troy yet shall dare to camp a second night?
I deem, their mightiest, when this arm he knows,
Shall 'scape with transport, and with joy repose.
  He said: his finish'd wrath with loud acclaim
The Greeks accept, and shout Pelides' name.
When thus, not rising from his lofty throne,
In state unmov'd, the king of men begun:
  Hear me, ye sons of Greece! with silence hear!
And grant your monarch an impartial ear;
Awhile your loud, untimely joy suspend,
And let your rash, injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applause,
Wrong the best speaker, and the justest cause.
Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate:
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
With fell Erinnys, urg'd my wrath that day
When from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey.

What then could I, against the will of Heaven?
Not by myself, but vengeful Ate driven;
She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infest
The race of mortals, enter'd in my breast.
Not on the ground that haughty fury treads,
But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads
Of mighty men; inflicting as she goes
Long-festering wounds, inextricable woes!
Of old, she stalk'd amid the bright abodes;
And Jove himself, the sire of men and Gods,
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart,
Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art.
For when Alcmena's nine long months were run
And Jove expected his immortal son,
To Gods and Goddesses th' unruly joy
He show'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy:
From us (he said) this day an infant springs,
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.
Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix'd dominion on the favour'd youth.
The Thunderer, unsuspicious of the fraud,
Pronounc'd those solemn words that bind a God.
The joyful Goddess from Olympus' height,
Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight;
Scarce seven moons gone, lay Sthenelus's wife;
She push'd her lingering infant into life;
Her charms Alcmena's coming labours stay,
And stop the babe, just issuing to the day.
Then bid Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
"A youth (said she) of Jove's immortal kind
Is this day born: from Sthenelus he springs,
And claims thy promise to the king of kings."
Grief seiz'd the Thunderer, by his oath engag'd;
Stung to the soul, he sorrow'd, and he rag'd.
From his ambrosial head, where perch'd she sat,
He snatch'd the Fury-Goddess of debate,
The dread, th' irrevocable oath he swore,
Th' immortal seats should ne'er behold her more;

And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driven
From bright Olympus and the starry heaven:
Thence on the nether world the Fury fell;
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft the God his son's hard toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire Fury, and in secret groan'd.
E'en thus, like Jove himself, was I misled,
While raging Hector heap'd our camps with dead.
What can the errors of my rage atone?
My martial troops, my treasures, are thy own:
This instant from the navy shall be sent
Whate'er Ulysses promis'd at thy tent:
But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our prayer,
Resume thy arms, and shine again in war.
O king of nations! whose superior sway
(Returns Achilles) all our hosts obey!
To keep or send the presents, be thy care;
To us, 'tis equal: all we ask is war.
While yet we talk, or but an instant shun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let every Greek, who sees my spear confound
The Trojan ranks, and deal destruction round,
With emulation, what I act, survey,
And learn from thence, the business of the day.
The son of Peleus thus: and thus replies
The great in councils, Ithacus the wise:
Though, godlike, thou art by no toils oppress,
At least our armies claim repast and rest;
Long and laborious must the combat be,
When by the Gods inspir'd, and led by thee.
Strength is deriv'd from spirits and from blood,
And those augment by generous wine and food;
What boastful son of war, without that stay,
Can last a hero through a single day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his strength,
Mere unsupported man must yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
The drooping body will desert the mind:

But built a-new with strength-conferring fare,
With limbs and soul untam'd, he tires a war,
Dismiss the people then, and give command,
With strong repast to hearten every band;
But let the presents to Achilles made,
In full assembly of all Greece be laid.
The king of men shall rise in public sight,
And solemn swear (observant of the rite)
That, spotless as she came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made,
And the full price of injur'd honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy sovereign might;
Beyond the bounds of reason and of right;
'Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings belong'd,
To right with justice whom with power they wrong'd.
  To him the monarch: Just is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wisdom breathes in thee:
Each due atonement gladly I prepare;
And Heaven regard me as I justly swear!
Here then awhile let Greece assembled stay,
Nor great Achilles grudge this short delay;
Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,
And, Jove attesting, the firm compact made.
A train of noble youth the charge shall bear;
These to select, Ulysses, be thy care:
In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
And the fair train of captives close the rear:
Talthybius shall the victim boar convey,
Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day.
  For this (the stern Æacides replies)
Some less important season may suffice,
When the stern fury of the war is o'er,
And wrath extinguish'd burns my breast no more.
By Hector slain, their faces to the sky,
All grim with gaping wounds our heroes lie;
Those call to war! and, might my voice incite,
Now, now, this instant, should commence the fight:

Then, when the day's complete, let generous bowls,
And copious banquets, glad our weary souls.
Let not my palate know the taste of food,
Till my insatiate rage be cloy'd with blood.
Pale lies my friend, with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.
Revenge is all my soul! no meaner care,
Interest, or thought, has room to harbour there;
Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds,
And scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds.
O first of Greeks (Ulysses thus rejoin'd)
The best and bravest of the warrior kind!
Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine,
But old experience and calm wisdom, mine.
Then hear my counsel, and to reason yield,
The bravest soon are satiate of the field;
Though vast the heaps that strow the crimson plain,
The bloody harvest brings but little gain:
The scale of conquest ever waving lies,
Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies!
The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall,
And endless were the grief, to weep for all.
Eternal sorrows what avails to shed?
Greece honours not with solemn feasts the dead:
Enough, when death demands the brave to pay
The tribute of a melancholy day.
One chief with patience to the grave resign'd,
Our care devolves on others left behind.
Let generous food supplies of strength produce,
Let rising spirits flow from sprightly juice,
Let their warm heads with scenes of battle glow
And pour new furies on the feebler foe.
Yet a short interval, and none shall dare
Expect a second summons to the war;
Who waits for that, the dire effect shall find,
If trembling in the ships he lags behind.
Embodied to the battle let us bend,
And all at once on haughty Troy descend.

And now the delegates Ulysses sent,
To bear the presents from the royal tent.
The sons of Nestor, Phyleus' valiant heir,
Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,
With Lycomedes of Creontian strain,
And Menalippus, form'd the chosen train.
Swift as the word was giv'n, the youths obey'd;
Twice ten bright vases in the midst they laid;
A row of six fair tripods then succeeds;
And twice the number of high-bounding steeds;
Seven captives next a lovely line compose;
The eighth Briseïs, like the blooming rose:
Clos'd the bright band: great Ithacus before,
First of the train, the golden talents bore:
The rest in public view the chiefs dispose,
A splendid scene! then Agamemnon rose:
The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord
Drew the broad cutlass sheath'd beside his sword:
The stubborn bristles from the victim's brow
He crops, and offering, meditates his vow.
His hands uplifted to th' attesting skies,
On heaven's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes,
The solemn words a deep attention draw,
And Greece around sat thrill'd with sacred awe.
Witness, thou first! thou greatest Power above!
All-good, all-wise, and all-surviving Jove!
And Mother-earth, and Heaven's revolving light,
And ye, fell Furies of the realms of night,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!
The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes,
Pure and unconscious of my manly loves.
If this be false, Heaven all its vengeance shed,
And levell'd thunder strike my guilty head!
With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground;
The sacred herald rolls the victim slain
(A feast for fish) into the foaming main.

Then thus Achilles: Hear, ye Greeks! and know
Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the wo:
Not else Atrides could our rage inflame,
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'erruling all,
That doom'd our strife, and doom'd the Greeks to fall.
Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite;
Achilles waits you, and expects the fight.
The speedy council at his word adjourn'd:
To their black vessels all the Greeks return'd.
Achilles sought his tent. His train before
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.
Those in the tents the squires industrious spread:
The foaming coursers to the stalls they led;
To their new seats the female captives move·
Briseïs, radiant as the Queen of Love,
Slow as she past, beheld with sad survey
Where, gash'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay,
Prone on the body fell the heavenly fair,
Beat her sad breast, and tore her golden hair;
All beautiful in grief, her humid eyes
Shining with tears, she lifts, and thus she cries:
Ah, youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
Once tender friend of my distracted mind!
I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay!
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!
What woes my wretched race of life attend!
Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end!
The first lov'd consort of my virgin-bed
Before these eyes in fatal battle bled!
My three brave brothers in one mournful day,
All trod the dark, irremeable way:
Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
And dried my sorrows for a husband slain;
Achilles' care you promis'd I should prove,
The first, the dearest partner of his love;
That rites divine should ratify the band,
And make me empress in his native land.

Accept these grateful tears! for thee they flow,
For thee, that ever felt another's wo!
Her sister captives echoed groan for groan,
Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own.
The leaders press'd the chief on every side;
Unmov'd, he heard them, and with sighs denied.
If yet Achilles have a friend, whose care
Is bent to please him, this request forbear:
Till yonder sun descend, ah! let me pay
To grief and anguish one abstemious day.
He spoke, and from the warriors turn'd his face:
Yet still the brother-kings of Atreus' race,
Nestor, Idomeneus, Ulysses sage,
And Phœnix, strive to calm his grief and rage:
His rage they calm not, nor his grief control;
He groans, he raves, he sorrows from his soul.
Thou too, Patroclus! (thus his heart he vents)
Once spread th' inviting banquet in our tents:
Thy sweet society, thy winning care,
Once staid Achilles, rushing to the war.
But now, alas! to death's cold arms resign'd,
What banquet but revenge can glad my mind?
What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,
What more, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd?
Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear.
What more, should Neoptolemus the brave
(My only offspring) sink into the grave?
If yet that offspring lives (I distant far,
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war.)
I could not this, this cruel stroke attend;
Fate claim'd Achilles, but might spare his friend.
I hop'd Patroclus might survive, to rear
My tender orphan with a parent's care.
From Scyros' isle conduct him o'er the main,
And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
The lofty palace, and the large domain.
For Peleus breathes no more the vital air;
drags a wretched life of age and care,

But still the news of my sad fate invades
His hastening soul, and sinks him to the shades
Sighing he said: his grief the heroes join'd,
Each stole a tear for what he left behind.
Their mingled grief the Sire of heaven survey'd,
And thus, with pity, to his blue-ey'd Maid:
Is then Achilles now no more thy care,
And dost thou thus desert the great in war?
Lo, where yon sails their canvass wings extend,
All comfortless he sits, and wails his friend:
Ere thirst and want his forces have opprest,
Haste and infuse ambrosia in his breast.
He spoke; and sudden, at the word of Jove,
Shot the descending Goddess from above.
So swift through ether the shrill Harpy springs,
The wide air floating to her ample wings.
To great Achilles she her flight address,
And pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast,
With Nectar sweet, (refection of the Gods!)
Then, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.
Now issued from the ships the warrior-train,
And like a deluge pour'd upon the plain.
As when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow,
And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow;
From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies:
So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields;
Broad-glitt'ring breastplates, spears with pointed rays,
Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze:
Thick beats the centre as the coursers bound,
With splendour flame the skies, and laugh the fields around.
Full in the midst, high-towering o'er the rest,
His limbs in arms divine Achilles drest;
Arms which the Father of the fire bestow'd
Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the God.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire,
Glowing eye-balls roll with living fire;

He grinds his teeth, and furious with delay
O'erlooks th' embattled host, and hopes the bloody day.
The silver cuishes first his thighs infold:
Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold:
The brazen sword a various baldric tied,
That, starr'd with gems, hung glittering at his side;
And, like the moon, the broad refulgent shield
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.
So to night-wandering sailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the watery waste, a light appears,
Which, on the far-seen mountain blazing high,
Streams from some lonely watch-tower to the sky:
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the main.
Next, his high head the helmet grac'd; behind
The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind:
Like the red-star, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diseases, pestilence and war;
So stream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories shed.
The chief beholds himself with wondering eyes;
His arms he poises, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
And now he shakes his great paternal spear,
Ponderous and huge! which not a Greek could rear
From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and shap'd it for his sire:
A spear which stern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Automedon and Alcimus prepare
Th' immortal coursers and the radiant car
(The silver traces sweeping at their side;)
Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles tied,
The ivory-studded reins, return'd behind,
Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,
And swift ascended at one active bound.

All bright in heavenly arms, above his squire,
Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire;
Not brighter Phœbus in th' ethereal way,
Flames from his chariot, and restores the day.
High o'er the host all terrible he stands,
And thunders to his steeds these dread commands:
Xanthus and Balius! of Podarges' train,
(Unless ye boast that heavenly race in vain)
Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your master more your care:
Thro' falling squadrons bear my slaughtering sword,
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord.
The generous Xanthus, as the words he said,
Seem'd sensible of wo, and droop'd his head:
Trembling he stood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane,
When, strange to tell! (so Juno will'd) he broke
Eternal silence, and portentous spoke:
Achilles! yes! this day at least we bear,
Thy rage in safety through the files of war:
But come it will, the fatal time must come,
Nor ours the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
Not through our crime, or slowness in the course,
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heavenly force;
The bright far-shooting God who gilds the day,
(Confest we saw him) tore his arms away.
Nor—could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the western gale,
All were in vain—the Fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.
Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies tied,
His fateful voice. Th' intrepid chief replied
With unabated rage—So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are lost on me.
I know my fates: to die, to see no more
My much lov'd parents, and my native shore—
Enough—when heaven ordains, I sink in night;
Now perish Troy! he said, and rush'd to fight.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle of the Gods, and the Acts of Achilles.

Jupiter, upon Achilles' return to the battle, calls a council of the Gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the battle described when the Deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy

Thus round Pelides, breathing war and blood,
Greece, sheath'd in arms beside her vessels stood;
While, near impending from a neighbouring height,
Troy's black battalions wait the shock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command to call
The Gods to council in the starry hall:
Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies,
And summons all the senate of the skies.
These shining on, in long procession come
To Jove's eternal adamantine dome.
Not one was absent, not a rural power,
That haunts the verdant gloom and rosy bower,
Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the shady wood,
Each azure Sister of the silver flood;

All but old Ocean, hoary Sire! who keeps
His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.
On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd,
(The work of Vulcan) sat the powers around.
E'en he* whose trident sways the watery reign,
Heard the loud summons, and forsook the main,
Assum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
And question'd thus the Sire of men and Gods:
What moves the God who heaven and earth commands,
And grasps the thunder in his awful hands,
Thus to convene the whole ethereal state?
Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate?
Already met, the lowering hosts appear,
And death stands ardent on the edge of war.
'Tis true (the cloud-compelling Power replies)
This day, we call the council of the skies
In care of human race; e'en Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
Far on Olympus' top in secret state
Ourself will sit, and see the hand of Fate
Work out our will. Celestial Powers! descend,
And, as your minds direct, your succour lend
To either host. Troy soon must lie o'erthrown,
If uncontroll'd Achilles fights alone:
Their troops but lately durst not meet his eyes;
What can they now, if in his rage he rise?
Assist them, Gods! or Ilion's sacred wall
May fall this day, though Fate forbids the fall.
He said, and fir'd their heavenly breasts with rage:
On adverse parts the warring Gods engage.
Heaven's awful Queen; and he whose azure round
Girds the vast globe; the Maid in arms renown'd;
Hermes, of profitable arts the sire;
And Vulcan, the black sovereign of the fire!
These to the fleet repair with instant flight;
The vessels tremble as the Gods alight.

* Neptune.

In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus, came,
Mars, fiery helm'd, the laughter-loving Dame,
Xanthus, whose streams in golden currents flow,
And the chaste Huntress of the silver bow.
Ere yet the gods their various aids employ,
Each Argive bosom swell'd with manly joy,
While great Achilles, (terror of the plain)
Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.
Dreadful he stood, in front of all his host;
Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost;
Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling see another God of war.
But when the powers descending swell'd the fight,
Then tumult rose; fierce rage and pale affright
Varied each face; then Discord sounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.
Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls
And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.
Mars hov'ring o'er his Troy, his terror shrouds
In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds:
Now through each Trojan heart, he fury pours
With voice divine, from Ilion's topmost tow'rs;
Now shouts to Simois from her beauteous hill;
The mountain shook, the rapid stream stood still,
Above, the Sire of Gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground;
The forests wave, the mountains nod around:
Through all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their sources boil her hundred floods.
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain,
And the toss'd navies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,
Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful e'en to Gods.

Such war th' immortals wage: such horrors rend
The world's vast concave, when the Gods contend.
First silver-shafted Phœbus took the plain
Against blue Neptune, monarch of the main:
The God of Arms his giant bulk display'd,
Oppos'd to Pallas, war's triumphant Maid.
Against Latona march'd the son of May;
The quiver'd Dian, sister of the Day
(Her golden arrows sounding at her side,)
Saturnia, majesty of heaven, defied.
With fiery Vulcan last in battle stands
The sacred flood that rolls on golden sands;
Xanthus his name with those of heavenly birth,
But call'd Scamander by the sons of earth.
While thus the Gods in various leagues engage,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:
Hector he sought; in search of Hèctor turn'd
His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd;
And burst like lightning through the ranks, and vow'd
To glut the God of battles with his blood.
Æneas was the first who dar'd to stay;
Apollo wedg'd him in the warrior's way,
But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might,
Half-forc'd, and half persuaded to the fight.
Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,
In voice and aspect, seem'd the power divine:
And bade the chief reflect, how late with scorn
In distant threats he brav'd the Goddess-born.
Then thus the hero of Anchises' strain,
To meet Pelides you persuade in vain:
Already have I met, nor void of fear
Observ'd the fury of his flying spear;
From Ida's woods he chas'd us to the field,
Our force he scatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;
Lyrnessus, Pedasus, in ashes lay;
But (Jove assisting) I surviv'd the day.
Else had I sunk oppress in fatal fight,
By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.

What mortal man Achilles can sustain?
Where'er he mov'd the goddess shone before
And bath'd his brazen lance in hostile gore.
What mortal man Achilles can sustain?
Th' immortals guard him through the dreadful plain,
And suffer not his dart to fall in vain.
Were God my aid, this arm should check his power,
Though strong in battle as a brazen tower.
To whom the son of Jove. That God implore,
And be what great Achilles was before.
From heavenly Venus thou deriv'st thy strain,
And he, but from a sister of the main;
An aged Sea-god father of his line,
But Jove himself the sacred source of thine.
Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.
This said, and spirit breath'd into his breast,
Through the thick troops th' embolden'd hero prest:
His venturous act the white-arm'd Queen survey'd
And thus, assembling all the Powers, she said:
Behold an action, Gods! that claims your care,
Lo, great Æneas rushing to the war;
Against Pelides he directs his course,
Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.
Restrain his bold career; at least, t' attend
Our favour'd hero, let some Power descend,
To guard his life, and add to his renown,
We, the great armament of heaven, came down.
Hereafter let him fall, as Fates design,
That spun so short his life's illustrious line:
But lest some adverse God now cross his way,
Give him to know, what Powers assist this day.
For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,
When heaven's refulgent host appear in arms?
Thus she, and thus the God whose force can make
The solid globe's eternal basis shake:
Against the might of man, so feeble known,
Why should celestial powers exert their own?
Suffice, from yonder mount to view the scene;
And leave to war the fates of mortal men.

But if th' Armipotent, or God of Light,
Obstruct Achilles, or commence the fight,
Thence on the Gods of Troy we swift descend·
Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end;
And these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd,
Yield to our conquering arms the lower world.
Thus having said, the tyrant of the sea,
Cerulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.
Advanc'd upon the field, there stood a mound
Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around;
In elder times to guard Alides made,
(The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid)
What time a vengeful monster of the main
Swept the wide shore, and drove him to the plain.
Here Neptune and the Gods of Greece repair,
With clouds encompass'd, and a veil of air:
The adverse powers, around Apollo laid,
Crown the fair hills that silver Simoïs shade
In circle close each heavenly party sat,
Intent to form the future scheme of Fate;
But mix not yet in fight, though Jove on high
Gives the loud signal, and the heavens reply.
Meanwhile the rushing armies hide the ground;
The trampled centre yields a hollow sound:
Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
The gleamy champaign glows with brazen light.
Amid both hosts (a dreadful space) appear
There, great Achilles; bold Æneas, here.
With towering strides Æneas first advanc'd;
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd,
Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore,
And, as he mov'd, his javelin flam'd before.
Not so Pelides: furious to engage,
He rush'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
Who viewing first his foes with scornful eyes,
Though all in arms the peopled city rise,
Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride;
Till at the length by some brave youth defied.

To his bold spear the savage turns alone,
He murmurs fury with a hollow groan;
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
Lash'd by his tail, his heaving sides resound;
He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
Resolv'd on vengeance, or resolv'd on death.
So fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
So stands Æneas, and his force defies.
Ere yet the stern encounter join'd, begun
The seed of Thetis thus to Venus' son:
Why comes Æneas through the ranks so far?
Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,
In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
The partial monarch may refuse the prize:
Sons he has many: those thy pride may quell;
And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well.
Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
Has Troy propos'd some specious tract of land?
An ample forest, or a fair domain,
Of hill for vines, and arable for grain?
E'en this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot,
But can Achilles be so soon forgot?
Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,
And then the great Æneas seem'd to fear.
With hearty haste from Ida's mount he fled,
Nor, till he reach'd Lyrnessus, turn'd his head.
Her lofty walls not long our progress staid;
Those, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:
In Grecian chains her captive race were cast;
'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too fast.
Defrauded of my conquest once before,
What then I lost, the Gods this day restore.
Go; while thou may'st, avoid the threatening fate:
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.
To this Anchises' son. Such words employ
To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy;

Such we disdain; the best may be defied
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride;
Unworthy the high race from which we came,
Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame:
Each from illustrious fathers draws his line;
Each Goddess-born; half human, half divine.
Thetis' this day, or Venus' offspring dies,
And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes:
For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend,
'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.
If yet thou farther seek to learn my birth
(A tale resounded through the spacious earth;)
Hear how the glorious origin we prove
From ancient Dardanus, the first from Jove:
Dardania's walls he rais'd: for Ilion then
(The city since of many languag'd men)
Was not. The natives were content to till
The shady foot of Ida's fountful hill.
From Dardanus, great Erichthonius springs,
The richest, once, of Asia's wealthy kings;
Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bred,
Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed.
Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly train,
Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,
With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd,
And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead:
Hence sprung twelve others of unrivall'd kind,
Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.
These lightly skimming, when they swept the plain
Nor plied the grass, nor bent the tender grain;
And when along the level seas they flew,
Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew.
Such Erichthonius was: from him there came
The sacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.
Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
Ilus, Assarecus, and Ganymed:
The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair,
Whom Heaven, enamour'd, snatch'd to upper air.

To bear the cup of Jove (ethereal guest,
The grace and glory of th' ambrosial feast.)
The two remaining sons the line divide:
First rose Laomedon from Ilus' side;
From him Tithonius, now in cares grown old,
And Priam (blest with Hector, brave and bold:)
Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair;
And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
From great Assaracus sprung Capys, he
Begat Anchises, and Anchises me.
Such is our race: 'tis Fortune gives us birth,
But Jove alone endues the soul with worth:
He, source of power and might! with boundless sway,
All human courage gives or takes away.
Long in the field of words we may contend,
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong;
So voluble a weapon is the tongue;
Wounded, we wound; and neither side can fail,
For every man has equal strength to rail:
Women alone, when in the streets they jar,
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
Like us they stand, encompass'd with the crowd,
And vent their anger, impotent and loud.
Cease then—Our business in the field of fight
Is not to question, but to prove our might.
To all those insults thou hast offered here,
Receive this answer: 'tis my flying spear.
He spoke. With all his force the javelin flung,
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
Far on his out-stretch'd arm, Pelides held
(To meet the thundering lance) his dreadful shield,
That trembled as it stuck; nor void of fear,
Saw, ere it fell, th' immeasurable spear.
His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
Secur'd the temper of the ethereal arms.
Through two strong plates the point its passage held,
But, stopp'd, and rested by the third repell'd,

Five plates of various metal, various mould,
Compos'd the shield; of brass each outward fold,
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:
There stuck the lance. Then rising ere he threw,
The forceful spear of great Achilles flew,
And pierc'd the Dardan shield's extremest bound,
Where the shrill brass return'd a sharper sound:
Through the thin verge the Pelian weapon glides,
And the slight covering of expanded hides.
Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
Sees, through its parting plates, the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quivering spear:
A fate so near him chills his soul with fright;
And swims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
Achilles, rushing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:
Æneas, rousing as the foe came on,
(With force collected) heaves a mighty stone:
A mass enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degenerate sons could raise.
But Ocean's God, whose earthquakes rock the ground,
Saw the distress, and mov'd the powers around.
Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas stands,
An instant victim to Achilles' hands:
By Phœbus urg'd; but Phœbus has bestow'd
His aid in vain: the man o'erpowers the God.
And can ye see this righteous chief atone,
With guiltless blood, for vices not his own?
To all the Gods his constant vows were paid:
Sure, though he wars for Troy, he claims our aid.
Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove resign
The future father of the Dardan line:
The first great ancestor obtain'd his grace,
And still his love descends on all the race.
For Priam now, and Priam's faithless kind,
At length are odious to th' all-seeing Mind;

On great Æneas shall devolve the reign,
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.
The great Earth-shaker thus: to whom replies
Th' imperial Goddess with the radiant eyes:
Good as he is, to immolate or spare
The Dardan prince, O Neptune, be thy care
Pallas and I, by all that Gods can bind,
Have sworn destruction to the Trojan kind;
Not e'en an instant to protract their fate,
Or save one member of the sinking state;
Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore,
And e'en the crumbling ruins are no more.
The king of Ocean to the fight descends,
Through all the whistling darts his course he bends,
Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes.
From great Æneas' shield the spear he drew,
And at his master's feet the weapon threw.
That done, with force divine he snatch'd on high
The Dardan Prince, and bore him through the sky,
Smooth-gliding without step, above the heads
Of warring heroes, and of bounding steeds;
Till at the battle's utmost verge they light,
Where the slow Caucans close the rear of fight.
The Godhead there (his heavenly form confess'd)
With words like these the panting chief address'd.
What power, O prince, with force inferior far
Urg'd thee to meet Achilles' arm in war?
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding Fate of all thy fame to come.
But when the day decreed (for come it must)
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the dust,
Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure, no Grecian force transcends thy own.
With that he left him wondering as he lay,
Then from Achilles chas'd the mist away:
Sudden, returning with the stream of light,
The scene of war came rushing on his sight.

Then thus amaz'd: What wonders strike my mind!
My spear, that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord
That fell this instant, vanish'd from my sword!
I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But Powers celestial sure this foe defend.
Great as he is, our arm he scarce will try,
Content, for once, with all his Gods, to fly.
Now then let others bleed. This said, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the crowd;
O Greeks, (he cries, and every rank alarms)
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!
'Tis not in me, though favour'd by the sky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:
No God can singly such a host engage,
Not Mars himself, nor great Minerva's rage.
But whatsoe'er Achilles can inspire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire;
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
All, all Achilles, Greeks! is yours to-day.
Through yon wide host this arm shall scatter fear,
And thin the squadrons with my single spear.
He said: nor less elate with martial joy,
The godlike Hector warm'd the troops of Troy.
Trojans to war! think Hector leads you on;
Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty son.
Deeds must decide our fate. E'en those with words
Insult the brave, who tremble at their swords:
The weakest Atheist-wretch all heaven defies,
But shrinks and shudders when the thunder flies.
Nor from yon boaster shall your chief retire,
Not though his heart were steel, his hand were fire;
That fire, that steel, your Hector should withstand,
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.
Thus (breathing rage through all) the hero said:
A wood of lances rises round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempest all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.

But Phœbus warns him from high heaven to shun
The single fight with Thetis' godlike son;
More safe to combat in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.
He hears, obedient to the God of Light,
And plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.
  Then fierce Achilles shouting to the skies,
On Troy's whole force with boundless fury flies.
First falls Iphytion, at his army's head;
Brave was the chief, and brave the host he led:
From great Otrynteus he deriv'd his blood,
His mother was a Naïs of the flood;
Beneath the shades of Tmolus, crown'd with snow,
From Hyde's walls he rul'd the lands below.
Fierce as he springs, the sword his head divides;
The parted visage falls on equal sides;
With loud-resounding arms he strikes the plain;
While thus Achilles glories o'er the slain:
  Lie there, Otryntides! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, though Gygæ boast thy birth;
Those beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd,
And plenteous Hermus swells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more—Th' insulting hero said,
And left him sleeping in eternal shade.
The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,
And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.
  Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid.
Th' impatient steel with full-descending sway
Forc'd through his brazen helm its furious way.
Resistless drove the batter'd skull before,
And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This sees Hippodamas, and seiz'd with fright,
Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight:
The lance arrests him: an ignoble wound
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
He groans away his soul; not louder roars,
At Neptune's shrine on Helice's high shores,

he victim bull; the rocks rebellow round,
nd Ocean listens to the grateful sound.
Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
he youngest hope of Priam's stooping age
Whose feet for swiftness in the race surpast;)
f all his sons, the dearest, and the last.
'o the forbidden field he takes his flight
n the first folly of a youthful knight,
'o vaunt his swiftness, wheels around the plain,
ut vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain.
truck where the crossing belts unite behind,
nd golden rings the double back-plate join'd:
'orth through the navel burst the thrilling steel;
nd on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell;
he rushing entrails, pour'd upon the ground,
lis hands collect; and darkness wraps him round.
Vhen Hector view'd, all ghastly in his gore
hus sadly slain, th' unhappy Polydore;
cloud of sorrow overcast his sight,
lis soul no longer brook'd the distant fight,
ull in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
nd shook his javelin like a waving flame.
he son of Peleus sees, with joy possest,
lis heart high-bounding in his rising breast:
nd, lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;
he man, that slew Achilles, in his friend!
o more shall Hector's and Pelides' spear
urn from each other in the walks of war—
hen with revengeful eyes he scann'd him o'er:
ome, and receive thy fate! He spake no more.
Hector, undaunted, thus: Such words employ
o one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy:
uch we could give, defying and defied,
lean intercourse of obloquy and pride!
know thy force to mine superior far;
ut Heaven alone confers success in war:
lean as I am, the Gods may guide my dart,
nd give it entrance in a braver heart.

Then parts the lance: but Pallas' heavenly breath
Far from Achilles wafts the winged death:
The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
And at the feet of its great master lies.
Achilles closes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:
But present to his aid, Apollo shrouds
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
Thrice struck Pelides with indignant heart,
Thrice in impassive air he plung'd the dart:
The spear, a fourth time, buried in the cloud;
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud:
Wretch! thou hast scap'd again, once more thy flight
Has sav'd thee, and the partial God of Light.
But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,
If any power assist Achilles' hand.
Fly then inglorious! but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay,
With that, he gluts his rage on numbers slain:
Then Dryops tumbled to th' ensanguin'd plain,
Pierc'd through the neck: he left him panting there,
And stopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir,
Gigantic chief! deep gash'd th' enormous blade,
And for the soul an ample passage made.
Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
The valiant sons of an unhappy sire;
Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one instant to the nether world;
This difference only their sad fates afford,
That one the spear destroy'd, and one the sword.
Nor less unpitied young Alastor bleeds;
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty pleads:
In vain he begs thee with a suppliant's moan,
To spare a form, an age so like thy own!
Unhappy boy! no prayer, no moving art,
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!
While yet he trembled at his knees, and cried,
The ruthless falchion ope'd his tender side;

The panting liver pours a flood of gore
That drowns his bosom till he pants no more.
Through Mulius' head then drove th' impetuous spear,
The warrior falls, transfix'd from ear to ear.
Thy life, Echeclus! next the sword bereaves,
Deep through the front the ponderous falchion cleaves,
Warm'd in the brain the smoking weapon lies,
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
Then brave Deucalion died: the dart was flung
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow strung;
He dropt his arm an unassisting weight,
And stood all impotent, expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling falchion sped,
From his broad shoulders hew'd his crested head.
Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies,
And sunk in dust the corse extended lies.
Rhigmus, whose race from fruitful Thracia came,
(The son of Pireus, an illustrious name,)
Succeeds to fate: the spear his belly rends;
Prone from his car the thundering chief descends.
The squire, who saw expiring on the ground
His prostrate master, rein'd the steeds around:
His back scarce turn'd, the Pelian javelin gor'd,
And stretch'd the servant o'er his dying lord
As when a flame the winding valley fills,
And runs on crackling shrubs between the hills;
Then o'er the stubble, up the mountain flies,
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the skies,
This way and that the spreading torrent roars,
So sweeps the hero through the wasted shores.
Around him wide, immense destruction pours,
And earth is delug'd with the sanguine showers.
As with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,
And thick betstrown, lies Ceres' sacred floor;
When round and round with never-wearied pain,
The trampling steers beat out th' unnumber'd grain:
So the fierce coursers as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and crush out heroes' souls.

Dash'd from their hoofs while o'er the dead they fly,
Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye:
The spiky wheels through heaps of carnage tore,
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
All grim with dust, all horrible in blood:
Yet still insatiate, still with rage on flame;
Such is the lust of never-dying fame!

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Battle in the River Scamander

The Trojans fly before Achilles, some toward the town, others to the river Scamander; he falls upon the latter with great slaughter, takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus: and kills Lycaon and Asteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas assist the hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other Gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, drives the rest into Troy: Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo: who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander.

And now to Xanthus' gliding stream they drove,
Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.
The river here divides the flying train,
Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,
Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight:
Now chas'd, and trembling in ignoble flight.
(These with a gather'd mist Saturnia shrouds,
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds.)
Part plunge into the stream: old Xanthus roars,
The flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores:
With cries promiscuous all the banks resound;
And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,
The flouncing steeds and shrieking warriors drown'd.

As the scorch'd locusts from their fields retire,
While fast behind them runs the blaze of fire;
Driven from the land before the smoky cloud,
The clustering legions rush into the flood:
So plung'd in Xanthus by Achilles' force,
Roars the resounding surge with men and horse.
His bloody lance the hero cast aside
(Which spreading tamarisks on the margin hide;)
Then, like a God, the rapid billows braves,
Arm'd with his sword high brandish'd o'er the waves
Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
Deep groan'd the waters with the dying sound:
Repeated wounds the reddening river dy'd,
And the warm purple circled on the tide.
Swift through the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
And close in rocks or winding caverns lie:
So the huge dolphin tempesting the main,
In sheals before him fly the scaly train,
Confus'dly heap'd, they seek their inmost caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
Now tir'd with slaughter, from the Trojan band
Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land;
With their rich belts their captive arms constrains
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains.)
These his attendants to the ships convey'd
Sad victims! destin'd to Patroclus' shade.
Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood,
The young Lycaon in his passage stood;
The son of Priam, whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land.
(As from a sycamore, his sounding steel
Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot-wheel,)
To Lemnos' isle he sold the royal slave,
Where Jason's son the price demanded gave;
But kind Eëtion touching on the shore,
The ransom'd prince to fair Arisbe bore.
Ten days were past, since in his father's reign
He felt the sweets of liberty again;

The next, that God, whom men in vain withstand,
Gives the same youth to the same conquering hand;
Now never to return! and doom'd to go
A sadder journey to the shades below.
His well-known face when great Achilles ey'd
(The helm and visor he had cast aside
With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
His useless lance and unavailing shield,)
As trembling, panting, from the stream he fled,
And knock'd his faultering knees, the hero said:
Ye mighty Gods! what wonders strike my view!
Is it in vain our conquering arms subdue?
Sure I shall see yon heaps of Trojans kill'd,
Rise from the shades, and brave me on the field:
As now the captive, whom so late I bound
And sold to Lemnos, stalks on Trojan ground!
Not him the sea's unmeasur'd deeps detain,
That bar such numbers from their native plain:
Lo! he returns. Try, then my flying spear!
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;
If earth at length this active prince can seize,
Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules.
Thus while he spake, the Trojan, pale with fears,
Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant tears:
Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,
And his soul shivering at the approach of death.
Achilles rais'd the spear, prepar'd to wound;
He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground:
And, while above the spear suspended stood,
Longing to dip its thirsty point in blood,
One hand embrac'd them close, one stopt the dart,
While thus these melting words attempt his heart:
Thy well known captive, great Achilles! see,
Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee.
Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,
Who shar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
Whom late thy conquering arm to Lemnos bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native shore

A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now sums immense thy mercy shall repay.
Scarce respited from woes I yet appear,
And scarce twelve morning suns have seen me here;
Lo! Jove again submits me to thy hands,
Again, her victim cruel Fate demands!
I sprung from Priam and Laothöe fair
(Old Alte's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
Who held in Pedasus his fam'd abode,
And rul'd the fields where silver Satnio flow'd:)
Two sons (alas! unhappy sons) she bore;
For ah! one spear shall drink each brother's gore,
And I succeed to slaughter'd Polydore.
How from that arm of terror shall I fly?
Some dæmon urges; 'tis my doom to die!
If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,
With his, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death.
These words, attended with a shower of tears,
The youth addrest the unrelenting ears;
Talk not of life, or ransom (he replies)
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies:
In vain a single Trojan sues for grace;
But least, the sons of Priam's hateful race.
Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore?
The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
"And thou, dost thou, bewail mortality?"
See'st thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
Sprung from a hero, from a Goddess born;
The day shall come (which nothing can avert)
When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart,
By night, or day, by force or by design,
Impending death and certain fate are mine.
Die then—he said; and as the word he spoke,
The fainting stripling sunk before the stroke:

His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear:
While all his trembling frame confest his fear;
Sudden, Achilles his broad sword display'd,
And buried in his neck the reeking blade.
Prone fell the youth; and panting on the land,
The gushing purple dy'd the thirsty sand;
The victor to the stream the carcass gave,
And thus insults him, floating on the wave:
Lie there, Lycaon! let the fish surround
Thy bloated corse, and suck thy gory wound:
There no sad mother shall thy funerals weep,
But swift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
Whose every wave some watery monster brings,
To feast unpunish'd on the fat of kings.
So perish Troy, and all the Trojan line!
Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine.
What boots you now Scamander's worshipp'd stream,
His earthly honours, and immortal name;
In vain your immolated bulls are slain,
Your living coursers glut his gulfs in vain:
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is complete;
Thus is aton'd Patroclus' honour'd shade,
And the short absence of Achilles paid.
These boastful words provoke the raging God;
With fury swells the violated flood.
What means divine may yet the power employ,
To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy?
Meanwhile the hero springs in arms to dare
The great Asteropeus to mortal war;
The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line
Flows from the source of Axius, stream divine!
(Fair Peribæa's love the God had crown'd,
With all his refluent waters circled round)
On him Achilles rush'd: he fearless stood,
And shook two spears, advancing from the flood;
The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
T' avenge his waters chok'd with heaps of dead,

Near as they drew, Achilles thus began:
What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the sire
Whose son encounters our resistless ire.
O son of Peleus! what avails to trace
(Replied the warrior) our illustrious race?
From rich Pæonia's valleys I command,
Arm'd with portended spears, my native band;
Now shines the tenth bright morning, since I came,
In aid of Ilion, to the fields of fame:
Axius, who swells with all the neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my sire, whose spear such glory won:
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son!
Threatening he said: the hostile chiefs advance;
At once Asteropeus discharg'd each lance,
(For both his dexterous hands the lance could wield)
One struck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian shield;
One raz'd Achilles hand; the spouting blood
Spun forth, in earth the fasten'd weapon stood.
Like lightning next the Pelian javelin flies:
Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies;
Deep in the swelling bank was driven the spear,
E'en to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.
Then from his side the sword Pelides drew,
And on his foe with doubled fury flew.
The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood;
Repulsive of his might the weapon stood:
The fourth, he tries to break the spear, in vain;
Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain;
His belly open'd with a ghastly wound,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies:
While the proud victor thus triumphing said,
His radiant armour tearing from the dead:
So ends thy glory! Such the fate they prove
Who strive presumptuous with the sons of Jove.

Sprung from a river, didst thou boast thy line?
But great Saturnius is the source of mine.
How durst thou vaunt thy watery progeny?
Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I;
The race of these superior far to those,
As he that thunders to the stream that flows.
What rivers can, Scamander might have shown;
But Jove he dreads, nor wars against his son.
E'en Achelöus might contend in vain,
And all the roaring billows of the main.
Th' eternal ocean, from whose fountains flow
The seas, the rivers, and the springs below,
The thundering voice of Jove abhors to hear,
And in his deep abysses shakes with fear.
He said; then from the bank his javelin tore,
And left the breathless warrior in his gore.
The floating tides the bloody carcass lave,
And beat against it, wave succeeding wave;
Till, roll'd between the banks, it lies the food
Of curling eels, and fishes of the flood.
All scatter'd round the stream (their mightiest slain)
Th' amaz'd Pæonians scour along the plain:
He vents his fury on the flying crew,
Thrasius, Astypylus, and Mnesius slew;
Mydon, Thersilochus, with Ænius fell;
And numbers more his lance had plung'd to hell;
But from the bottom of his gulfs profound,
Scamander spoke; the shores return'd the sound:
O first of mortals! (for the Gods are thine)
In valour matchless, and in force divine!
If Jove have given thee every Trojan head,
'Tis not on me thy rage should heap the dead.
See! my chok'd streams no more their course can keep
Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
Turn, then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood;
Content, thy slaughters could amaze a God.
In human form, confest before his eyes,
The river thus; and thus the chief replies:

O sacred stream! thy word we shall obey;
But not till Troy the destin'd vengeance pay,
Not till within her towers the perjur'd train
Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again:
Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall,
Or stain this lance, or see Achilles fall.
He said; and drove with fury on the foe.
Then to the godhead of the silver bow
The yellow flood began: O son of Jove!
Was not the mandate of the Sire above
Full and express? that Phœbus should employ
His sacred arrows in defence of Troy,
And make her conquer till Hyperion's fall,
In awful darkness hide the face of all?
He spoke in vain—the chief without dismay
Ploughs through the boiling surge his desperate way.
Then, rising in his rage above the shores,
From all his deep the bellowing river roars,
Huge heaps of slain disgorges on the coast,
And round the banks the ghastly dead are tost.
While all before, the billows rang'd on high
(A watery bulwark) screen the bands who fly.
Now bursting on his head with thundering sound,
The falling deluge whelms the hero round;
His loaded shield bends to the rushing tide;
His feet, upborn, scarce the strong flood divide,
Sliddering, and staggering. On the border stood
A spreading elm, that overhung the flood;
He seized a bending bough, his steps to stay;
The plant uprooted to his weight gave way,
Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk display'd,
Bridg'd the rough flood across: the hero stay'd
On this his weight, and, rais'd upon his hand,
Leap'd from the channel, and regain'd the land.
Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur rose;
The God pursues, a huger billow throws,

And bursts the bank, ambitious to destroy
The man whose fury is the fate of Troy.
He, like the warlike eagle, speeds his pace
(Swiftest and strongest of th' aërial race)
Far as a spear can fly, Achilles springs
At every bound; his clanging armour rings:
Now here, now there, he turns on every side,
And winds his course before the following tide;
The waves flow after, wherepoe'er he wheels,
And gather fast, and murmur at his heels.
So when a peasant to his garden brings
Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs,
And calls the floods from high to bless his bowers,
And feed with pregnant streams the plants and flowers;
Soon as he clears whate'er their passage staid,
And marks the future current with his spade,
Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills
Louder and louder purl the falling rills,
Before him scattering, they prevent his pains,
And shine in mazy wanderings o'er the plains.
  Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes
Still swift Scamander rolls where'er he flies:
Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods;
The first of men, but not a match for Gods.
Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppose,
And bravely try if all the powers were foes;
So oft the surge, in watery mountains spread,
Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head.
Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,
And still indignant bounds above the waves.
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Wash'd from beneath him slides the slimy soil:
When thus (his eyes on heaven's expansion thrown)
Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan:
  Is there no God Achilles to befriend,
No power t' avert his miserable end?
Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date,
And make my future life the sport of Fate.

Of all Heaven's oracles believ'd in vain,
But most of Thetis, must her son complain;
By Phœbus' darts she prophesied my fall,
In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.
O! had I died in fields of battle warm,
Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!
Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom rend,
And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend!
Ah, no! Achilles meets a shameful fate,
Oh how unworthy of the brave and great!
Like some vile swain, whom on a rainy day,
Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,
An unregarded carcass to the sea.
Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief,
And thus in human form address the chief:
The power of Ocean first. Forbear thy fear,
O son of Peleus! Lo, thy Gods appear!
Behold! from Jove descending to thy aid,
Propitious Neptune, and the blue-ey'd Maid.
Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave;
'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
But thou, the counsel Heaven suggests, attend!
Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,
Till Troy receive her flying sons, till all
Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:
Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,
And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.
Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus spake the Gods:
Then swift ascended to the bright abodes.
Stung with new ardour, thus by Heaven impell'd,
He springs impetuous, and invades the field:
O'er all th' extended plain the waters spread;
Heav'd on the bounding billows, danc'd the dead,
Floating 'midst scatter'd arms; while casques of gold,
And turn'd-up bucklers, glitter'd as they roll'd.
High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades, and mounts; the parted wave resounds.

Not a whole river stops the hero's course,
While Pallas fills him with immortal force.
With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.
Then thus to Simoïs: Haste, my brother flood!
And check this mortal that controls a God:
Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight,
And Ilion tumble from her towering height.
Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains swell thy watery store,
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead
Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head.
Mark how resistless through the floods he goes,
And boldly bids the warring Gods be foes!
But nor that force, nor form divine to sight
Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulfs those arms shall lie,
That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye;
And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurl'd
Immers'd remain this terror of the world.
Such ponderous ruin shall confound the place,
No Greek shall e'er his perish'd relics grace,
No hand his bones shall gather, or inhume;
These his cold rites, and this his watery tomb.
He said; and on the chief descends amain,
Increas'd with gore, and swelling with the slain,
Then murmuring from his beds, he boils, he raves,
And a foam whitens on the purple waves:
At every step, before Achilles stood
The crimson surge, and delug'd him with blood.
Fear touch'd the Queen of Heaven; she saw dismay'd,
She call'd aloud, and summon'd Vulcan's aid.
Rise to the war! th' insulting flood requires
Thy wasteful arm: assemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Rush the swift eastern, and the western wind:
These from old Ocean at my word shall blow,
Pour the red torrent on the watery foe,

Corses and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn,
Go, mighty in thy rage! display thy power,
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour,
Scorch all the banks: and(till our voice reclaim)
Exert th' unwearied furies of the flame!
The power ignipotent her word obeys:
Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze:
At once consumes the dead, and dries the soil;
And the shrunk waters in their channel boil.
As when autumnal Boreas sweeps the sky,
And instant blows the water'd gardens dry:
So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground,
While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blast around.
Swift on the sedgy reeds the ruin preys;
Along the margin winds the running blaze:
The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn,
The flowery lotos and the tamarisk burn,
Broad elm, and cypress rising in a spire;
The watery billows hiss before the fire.
Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath,
The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death:
Now flounce aloft, now dive the scaly fry,
Or, gasping, turn their bellies to the sky.
At length the river rear'd his languid head,
And thus, short-panting, to the God he said:
O, Vulcan! oh! what power resists thy might?
I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight—
I yield—Let Ilion fall; if Fate decree;
Ah—bend no more thy fiery arms on me!
He ceas'd wide conflagration blazing round;
The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.
As when the flames beneath a caldron rise,
To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice,
Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires:
So boils the imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,
And, chok'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow

To Juno then, imperial queen of air,
The burning river sends his earnest prayer:
Ah, why, Saturnia! must thy son engage
Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage!
On other Gods his dreadful arm employ,
For mightier Gods assert the cause of Troy.
Submissive I desist, if thou command;
But, ah! withdraw this all-destroying hand.
Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to Fate
Unaided Ilion, and her destin'd state,
Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame,
And in one ruin sink the Trojan name.
His warm entreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear:
She bade th' Ignipotent his rage forbear,
Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cause
Infest a God; th' obedient flame withdraws:
Again, the branching streams begin to spread,
And soft re-murmur in their wonted bed.
While these by Juno's will the strife resign,
The warring Gods in fierce contention join:
Re-kindling rage each heavenly breast alarms;
With horrid clangour shock'd th' ethereal arms:
Heaven with loud thunder bids the trumpet sound;
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene descries,
And views contending Gods with careless eyes.
The Power of battles lifts his brazen spear,
And first assaults the radiant Queen of War:
What mov'd thy madness, thus to disunite
Ethereal minds, and mix all Heaven in fight?
What wonder this, when in thy frantic mood
Thou drov'st a mortal to insult a God?
Thy impious hand Tydides' javelin bore,
And madly bath'd it in celestial gore.
He spoke, and smote the loud-resounding shield,
Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field;
The adamantine ægis of her Sire,
That turns the glancing bolt and forked fire.

Then heav'd the Goddess in her mighty hand
A stone, the limit of the neighbouring land,
There fix'd from eldest times; black, craggy, vast
This at the heavenly homicide she cast.
Thundering he falls, a mass of monstrous size,
And seven broad acres covers as he lies.
The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound;
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms resound:
The scornful dame her conquest views with smiles,
And glorying, thus the prostrate God reviles:
  Hast thou not yet, insatiate fury! known
How far Minerva's force transcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'st withstand,
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand;
Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.
  The Goddess spoke, and turn'd her eyes away,
That, beaming round, diffus'd celestial day.
Jove's Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded God her tender hand:
Slowly he rises, scarcely breathed with pain,
And, propt on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.
This the bright Empress of the heavens survey'd,
And, scoffing, thus to War's victorious Maid:
  Lo! what an aid on Mars's side is seen!
The Smiles and Love's unconquerable queen!
Mark with what insolence, in open view,
She moves: let Pallas, if she dares, pursue.
  Minerva smiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
And slightly on her breast the wanton strook:
She, unresisting, fell, (her spirits fled;)
On earth together lay the lovers spread.
And like these heroes, be the fate of all
(Minerva cries) who guard the Trojan wall!
To Grecian Gods such let the Phrygians be,
So dread, so fierce, as Venus is to me;
Then from the lowest stone shall Troy be mov'd.
Thus she; and Juno with a smile approv'd.

Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,
The God of Ocean dares the God of Light.
What sloth hath seiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting powers, and heaven returns the sound?
Shall, ignominious, we with shame retire,
No deed perform'd, to our Olympian Sire?
Come, prove thy arm! for first the war to wage,
Suits not my greatness, or superior age:
Rash as thou art to prop the Trojan throne
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own,)
And guard the rage of proud Laomedon!
Hast thou forgot how, at the monarch's prayer,
We shar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year?
Troy's walls I rais'd (for such were Jove's commands)
And your proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:
Thy task it was to feed the bellowing droves
Along fair Ida's vales, and pendant groves.
But when the circling seasons in their train
Brought back the dreadful day that crown'd our pain
With menace stern the fraudful king defied
Our latent Godhead, and the prize denied:
Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile bands,
And doom'd us exiles far in barbarous lands.
Incens'd, we heavenward fled with swiftest wing,
And destin'd vengeance on the perjur'd king.
Dost thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,
And not like us, infest the faithless race;
And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?
Apollo thus: to combat for mankind,
Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind:
For what is man? Calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nourishment to earth;
Like yearly leaves, that now with beauty crown'd
Smile on the sun; now wither on the ground.
To their own hands commit the frantic scene,
Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean.

Then turns his face; far beaming heavenly fires,
And from the senior power submiss retires:
Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids,
The quiver'd huntress of the Sylvan shades.
And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to Ocean's hoary Sire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp and dreadful show
Of pointed arrows, and the silver bow!
Now boast no more in yon celestial bower,
Thy force can match the great earth-shaking Power.
Silent, he heard the Queen of Woods upbraid:
Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus: What insolence has driven
Thy pride to face the majesty of Heaven?
What though by Jove the female plague design'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy sex's tyrant, with a tiger's heart?
What though, tremendous in the wood and chase,
Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race?
How dares thy rashness on the powers divine
Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage—
She said, and seiz'd her wrists with eager rage;
These in her left hand lock'd, her right untied
The bow, the quiver, and its plumy pride.
About her temples flies the busy bow;
Now here, now there, she winds her from the blow;
The scattering arrows rattling from the case,
Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,
And scarce retains the torrent in her eyes:
So when the falcon wings her way above,
To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove,
(Not fated yet to die) there safe retreats,
Yet still her heart against the marble beats.
To her, Latona hastes with tender care,
Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war:

How shall I face the dame who gives delight
To him whose thunders blacken heaven with night?
Go, matchless Goddess! triumph in the skies,
And boast my conquest, while I yield the prize.
He spoke; and past: Latona, stooping low,
Collects the scatter'd shafts, and fallen bow,
That, glittering on the dust, lay here and there;
Dishonour'd relics of Diana's war.
Then swift pursued her to her blest abode,
Where all confus'd she sought the Sovereign God;
Weeping she grasp'd his knees: th' ambrosial vest
Shook with her sighs, and panted on her breast.
The Sire superior smil'd; and bade her show
What heavenly hand had caus'd his daughter's wo
Abash'd, she names his own Imperial spouse;
And the pale crescent fades upon her brows.
Thus they above: while swiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters Ilion's sacred town:
The Guardian God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, though Fate forbade her fall.
Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,
Return the shining bands of Gods in arms;
Some proud in triumph, some with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' etherial Sire.
Thro' blood, thro' death, Achilles still proceeds,
O'er slaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling steeds.
As when avenging flames, with fury driven,
On guilty towns exert the wrath of Heaven;
The pale inhabitants, some fall, some fly;
And the red vapours purple all the sky:
So rag'd Achilles: death and dire dismay,
And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day.
High on a turret hoary Priam stands,
And marks the waste of his destructive hands;
Views, from his arm, the Trojans' scatter'd flight,
And the near hero rising on his sight!
No stop, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
And settled sorrow on his aged face,

Fast as he could, he sighing quits the walls;
And thus, descending, on the guards he calls:
You to whose care our city-gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng:
For lo! he comes, with unresisted sway;
He comes, and desolation marks his way!
But when within the walls our troops take breath,
Lock fast the brazen bars, and shut out death.
Thus charg'd the reverend monarch: wide were flung
The opening folds; the sounding hinges rung.
Phœbus rush'd forth, the flying bands to meet;
Struck slaughter back, and cover'd the retreat.
On heaps the Trojans crowd to gain the gate,
And, gladsome, see their last escape from Fate.
Thither, all parch'd with thirst, a heartless train,
Hoary with dust they beat the hollow plain:
And, gasping, panting, fainting, labour on
With heavier strides, that lengthen toward the town.
Enrag'd Achilles follows with his spear;
Wild with revenge, insatiable of war.
Then had the Greeks eternal praise acquir'd,
And Troy inglorious to her walls retir'd;
But he,* the God who darts ethereal flame,
Shot down to save her, and redeem her fame.
To young Agenor force divine he gave
(Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold, and brave;)
In aid of him, beside the beach he sate,
And, wrapt in clouds, restrain'd the hand of Fate.
When now the generous youth Achilles spies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions rise,
(So, ere a storm, the waters heave and roll;)
He stops and questions thus his mighty soul:
What, shall I fly this terror of the plain?
Like others fly, and be like others slain?
Vain hope! to shun him by the selfsame road
Yon line of slaughter'd Trojans lately trod.

* Apollo.

No: with the common heap I scorn to fall—
What if they pass'd me to the Trojan wall,
While I decline to yonder path, that leads
To Ida's forests and surrounding shades?
So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
From my tir'd body wash the dirt and blood,
As soon as night her dusky veil extends,
Return in safety to my Trojan friends.
What if?—But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of Fate?
E'en now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,
The fierce Achilles sees me, and I fall:
Such is his swiftness, 'tis in vain to fly,
And such his valour, that who stands must die,
Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the state,
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.
Yet sure he too is mortal! he may feel
(Like all the sons of earth) the force of steel;
One only soul informs that dreadful frame;
And Jove's sole favour gives him all his fame.
He said, and stood, collected in his might;
And all his beating bosom claim'd the fight.
So from some deep-grown wood a panther starts,
Rous'd from his thicket by a storm of darts:
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds
Of shouting hunters, and of clamorous hounds;
Tho' struck, tho' wounded, scarce perceives the pain;
And the barb'd javelin stings his breast in vain:
On their whole war, untam'd the savage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not less resolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
Disdainful of retreat: high-held before,
His shield (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then graceful as he stood in act to throw
The lifted javelin, thus bespoke the foe:
How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to sink the Trojan name

Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
A thousand woes, a thousand toils, remain.
Parents and children our just arms employ,
And strong, and many, are the sons of Troy.
Great as thou art, e'en thou may'st stain with gore
These Phrygian fields, and press a foreign shore.
He said; with matchless force the javelin flung
Smote on his knee; the hollow cuishes rung
Beneath the pointed steel; but safe from harms
He stands impassive in th' ethereal arms.
Then fiercely rushing on the daring foe,
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow:
But, jealous of his fame, Apollo shrouds
The godlike Trojan in a veil of clouds.
Safe from pursuit, and shut from mortal view,
Dismiss'd with fame, the favour'd youth withdrew.
Meanwhile the God, to cover their escape,
Assumes Agenor's habit, voice, and shape,
Flies from the furious chief in this disguise;
The furious chief still follows where he flies.
Now o'er the fields they stretch with lengthen'd strides,
Now urge the course where swift Scamander glides:
The God now distant scarce a stride before,
Tempts his pursuit, and wheels about the shore;
While all the flying troops their speed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy:
No stop, no stay; no thought to ask or tell,
Who 'scap'd by flight, or who by battle fell
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight:
And sudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
Pale Troy against Achilles shuts her gate;
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Death of Hector.

The Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take; but, at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies; Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands the combat and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace; she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy.

Thus to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilions rush like driven deer;
There safe, they wipe their briny drops away.
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields,
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
March, bending on, the Greeks' embodied powers,
Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan towers.
Great Hector singly staid; chain'd down by Fate,
There fix'd he stood before the Scæan gate;
Still his bold arms determined to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.

Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns
(The power confest in all his glory burns.)
And what (he cries) has Peleus' son in view,
With mortal speed a Godhead to pursue?
For not to thee to know the Gods is given,
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of Heaven.
What boots thee now, that Troy forsook the plain?
Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain:
Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a God.
The chief incens'd—Too partial God of Day!
To check my conquests in the middle way:
How few in Ilion else had refuge found!
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground!
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Powerful of Godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heavenly strain,
To cheat a mortal who repines in vain.
Then to the city terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along.
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardour flies.
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs)
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
He strikes his reverend head, now white with age:
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies;
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries;
The son resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war;
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands:

Ah stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be
To all the Gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curst arm destroy'd:
Or worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.
Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore
And lov'd Lycaon; now perhaps no more!
Oh! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treasures, would I give!
(Their grandsire's wealth by right of birth their own,
Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne)
But if (which heaven forbid) already lost,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coast;
What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
What anguish I! unutterable wo!
Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
Less to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.
Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!
Save thy dear life; or, if a soul so brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curst with sense! a wretch whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
And number all his days by miseries!

My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters ravish'd, and my cities burn'd,
My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor;
These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps e'en I, reserv'd by angry Fate
The last sad relic of my ruin'd state,
(Dire pomp of sovereign wretchedness!) must fall,
And stain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled master's scatter'd gore.
Yet for my sons I thank you, Gods! 'twas well;
Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth and vigour, dies the best,
Struck through with wounds, all honest on the breast.
But, when the Fates in fulness of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
In dust the reverend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm;
This, this is misery! the last, the worst,
That man can feel; man, fated to be curst!
He said, and acting what no words could say,
Rent from his head the silver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all their sorrows turn not Hector's heart:
The zone unbrac'd, her bosom she display'd;
And thus, fast falling the salt tears, she said:
Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's prayer!
If ever thee in these fond arms I prest,
Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast;
Ah, do not thus our helpless years forego,
But, by our walls secur'd, repel the foe.
Against his rage if singly thou proceed,
Shouldst thou (but heaven avert it!) shouldst thou bleed,
Nor must thy corpse lie honour'd on the bier,
Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, those dear remains
Must feast the vultures on the naked plains.

So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll;
But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul:
Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;
He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
And his red eyeballs glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind.
Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
Honour and shame th' ungenerous thought recall.
Shall proud Polydamas before the gate
Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late,
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's flight?
That wise advice rejected with disdain,
I feel my folly in my people slain.
Methinks my suffering country's voice I hear,
But most her worthless sons insult my ear,
On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
No—if I e'er return, return I must
Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust:
Or, if I perish, let her see me fall
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
And yet suppose these measures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to save the town:
The wife withheld, the treasure ill detain'd,
(Curse of the war, and grievance of the land)
With honourable justice to restore;
And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd Greece
May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.

But why this thought? Unarm'd if I should go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?
We greet not here, as man conversing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;
No season now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an evening walk:
War is our business, but to whom is given
To die, or triumph, that determine, Heaven!
Thus pondering, like a God the Greek drew nigh,
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
The Pelian javelin in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breast the beamy splendours shone
Like Jove's own lightning or the rising sun,
As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise,
Struck by some God, he fears, recedes, and flies.
He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind;
Achilles follows like the winged wind.
Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies
(The swiftest racer of the liquid skies)
Just when he holds, or thinks he holds his prey,
Obliquely wheeling through th' aërial way;
With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings;
No less fore-right the rapid chase they held,
One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;
Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad,
(A wider compass) smoke along the road.
Next by Scamander's double source they bound,
Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground.
This, hot through scorching clefts, is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies;
That, the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows.

Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
By these they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight,
(The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might.)
Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim must reward the day,
(Such as in races crown the speedy strife.)
The prize contended was great Hector's life.
As when some hero's funerals are decreed
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vigorous youth inflame,
(Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame;)
The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd spectator's soul.
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
The gazing Gods lean forward from the sky:
To whom, while eager on the chase they look,
The sire of mortals and immortals spoke:
Unworthy sight! the man belov'd of Heaven,
Behold, inglorious round yon city driven!
My heart partakes the generous Hector's pain;
Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,
Whose grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with joy,
From Ida's summits, and the towers of Troy:
Now see him flying! to his fears resign'd,
And Fate, and fierce Achilles close behind.
Consult, ye Powers! ('tis worthy your debate)
Whether to snatch him from impending Fate,
Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain,
(Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man?
Then Pallas thus: Shall he whose vengeance forms
The forky bolt, and blacken heaven with storms,
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath!
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No Gods indignant blame their partial Jove?

Go then (return'd the Sire) without delay,
Exert thy will: I give the Fates their way.
Swift at the mandate pleas'd Tritonia flies,
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.
As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes;
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze pursues.
Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd
There swift Achilles compass'd round the field
Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes the assistance of his pitying friends,
(Whose showering arrows as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppress the foe)
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in slumber seem with speedy pace
One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,
Their sinking limbs the fancied course forsake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake:
No less the labouring heroes pant and strain;
While that but flies, and this pursues in vain.
What God, O Muse! assisted Hector's force,
With Fate itself so long to hold the course?
Phœbus it was; who, in his latest hour,
Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with power.
And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.
Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.
Low sinks the scale surcharg'd with Hector's fate;
Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.

Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To stern Pelides, and triumphing cries:
Oh, lov'd of Jove! this day our labours cease,
And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector fam'd so far,
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his God of light.
See, where in vain he supplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
Rest here: myself will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun.
Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and rested, on his lance reclin'd.
While like Deïphobus the martial Dame
(Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same)
In show and aid, by hapless Hector's side
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice belied
Too long, O Hector, have I borne the sight
Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight:
It fits us now a noble stand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.
Then he: O prince! allied in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long tried, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more:
Since you of all our numerous race, alone
Defend my life, regardless of your own.
Again the goddess; much my father's prayer,
And much my mother's, prest me to forbear:
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my stay,
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the steel sparkle, and the javelin fly:
Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.
Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before;
The Dardan hero shuns no foe no more.

Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke,
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke:
Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursu'd.
But now some God within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day;
Let Heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate.
(Eternal witnesses of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow!)
To them I swear; if victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
No vile dishonour shall thy corpse pursue:
Stript of its arms alone (the conqueror's due)
The rest to Greece uninjur'd I'll restore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more.
Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes)
Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee.
Such pacts, as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To such I call the Gods! one constant state
Of lasting rancour and eternal hate;
No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife,
Till death extinguish rage, and thought and life.
Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy power.
No farther subterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghost, by thee depriv'd of breath
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.
He spoke, and launch'd his javelin at the foe;
But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow:
He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
Sunk innocent, and spent its force in air.

Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.
The life you boasted to that javelin giv'n,
Prince! you have miss'd. My fate depends on heaven.
To thee, presumptuous as thou art, unknown
Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terror sink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die;
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
But first try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart.
The weapon flew, its course unerring held;
Unerring, but the heavenly shield repell'd
The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.
Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
Nor other lance nor other hope remain;
He calls Deïphobus, demands a spear,
In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
All comfortless he stands: then, with a sigh,
'Tis so—Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deïphobus had heard my call,
But he secure lies guarded in the wall.
A God deciev'd me: Pallas, twas thy deed,
Death and black Fate approach! 'tis I must bleed.
No refuge now, no succour from above,
Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,
Propitious once, and kind! then welcome Fate!
'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great:
Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!
Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.

So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truss the quivering hare.
Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares,
Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,
Nodding at every step: (Vulcanian frame!)
And as he mov'd his figure seemed on flame.
As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,
When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:
So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound:
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er:
One place at length he spies, to let in Fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance: through that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well directed dart:
Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the power
Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While thus, triumphing, stern Achilles cries:
  At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain: [feel;
Then, prince! you should have fear'd, what you now
Achilles absent, was Achilles still.
Yet a short space the great avenger staid,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd and for ever mourn'd:
While, cast to all the rage of hostile power,
Thee, birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.
  Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of death,
By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
By all the sacred prevalence of prayer;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!

The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To sooth a father's and a mother's wo;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest.
No, wretch accurst; relentless he replies,
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes)
Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer.
Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcass I resign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
And, giving thousands, offer thousands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame:
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.
Then thus the chief his dying accents drew;
Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
And curst thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
And angry Gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate.
He ceas'd. The Fates suppress his labouring breath
And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way
(The manly body left a load of clay,)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!
Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies:
Die thou the first! when Jove and Heaven ordain,
I follow thee—He said, and stripp'd the slain.
Then, forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes
His manly beauty and superior size:

While some ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts disgrace:
"How chang'd that Hector! who, like Jove of late,
Sent lightning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate!"
High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
Begirt with heroes, and surrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the host attends:
Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the powerful will of Heaven
The dire destroyer to our arm has given,
Is not Troy fall'n already? Haste, ye powers!
See, if already their deserted towers
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain?
But what is Troy, or glory what to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death has seal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninter'd, he lies!
Can his dear image from my soul depart,
Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
If, in the melancholy shades below,
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine undecay'd
Burn on through death, and animate my shade.
Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corse of Hector, and your pæans sing.
Be this the song, slow-moving toward the shore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."
Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred
(Unworthy of himself and of the dead,)
The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted through the double wound;
These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms distilling blood.
He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.

Now lost is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-descending hair,
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land.
Given to the rage of an insulting throng!
And in his parents' sight now dragg'd along!
The mother first beheld with sad survey:
She rent her tresses, venerably gray,
And cast, far off, the regal veils away.
With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
While the sad father answers groans with groans,
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe:
No less than if the rage of hostile fires,
From her foundations curling to her spires,
O'er the proud citadel at length should rise
And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
The wretched monarch of the falling state,
Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.
Scarce the whole people stop his desperate course,
While strong affliction gives the feeble force:
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of wo.
At length he roll'd in dust and thus begun,
Imploring all, and naming one by one:
Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls;
I, only I, will issue from your walls,
(Guide or companion, friends! I ask you none)
And bow before the murderer of my son.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at least he may respect my age.
He has a father too; a man like me;
One, not exempt from age and misery:
(Vigorous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this pest of me and all my race.)
How many valiant sons in early bloom,
Has that curst hand sent headlong to the tomb!

Thee, Hector! last; thy loss (divinely brave)
Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
Oh, had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,
The son expiring in the sire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender shower!
Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
To melt in full satiety of grief!
  Thus wail'd the father, grovelling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.
  Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears,
(A mourning princess, and a train in tears)
Ah, why has heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?
O Hector! late thy parents pride and joy,
The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd;
Her chief, her hero, and almost her God!
O fatal change! become in one sad day
A senseless corse! inanimated clay!
  But not as yet the fatal news has spread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no messenger had told his fate,
Nor ev'n his stay without the Scæan gate.
Far in the close recesses of the dome,
Pensive she plied the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her secret hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flowers.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return:
In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore!
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear;
Forth from her ivory hand the shuttle falls,
As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls:
  Ah, follow me! [she cried] what plaintive noise
Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice

My faultering knees their trembling frame desert,
A pulse unusual flutters at my heart;
Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate
(Ye Gods avert it!) threats the Trojan state.
Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!
But, much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast
Confronts Achilles; chas'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,
And sought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.
She spoke; and furious, with distracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,
Flies through the dome (the maids her steps pursue,)
And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.
Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:
She faints, she falls; her breath, her colour flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem, flew far away,
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day.)
Around a train of weeping sisters stands
To raise her sinking with assistant hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain:
O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd
On Priam's roof and Hippoplacia's shade.
From different parents, different climes, we came,
At different periods, yet our fate the same!
Why was my birth to great Aëtion ow'd,
And why was all that tender care bestow'd?
Would I had never been!—O thou the ghost
Of my dead husband! miserably lost!

Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
No more to smile upon his sire, no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom!
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come!
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:
He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears
For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears!
Among the happy, unregarded he,
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While those his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion! Heedless they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
Shall cry, "Begone! thy father feasts not here."
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my sad soul Astyanax appears!
Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He, who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes sported, and on dainties fed,
And when still evening gave him up to rest,
Sunk in soft down upon the nurse's breast,
Must—ah! what must he not? Whom Ilion calls
Astyanax, from her well guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more the father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector, liest expos'd in air,
Far from thy parents', and thy consort's care,

Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee from this accursed day!
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead!
So spake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear for tear.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Achilles and the Myrmidons do honour to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast he retires to the seashore, where, falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and wagons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives at the pile, then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: the chariot race, the fight of the cæstus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one-and-thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two-and-thirtieth in burning it, and the three-and-thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the seashore.

Thus humbled in the dust, the pensive train
Through the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.
The body soil'd with dust, and black with gore,
Lies on broad Hellespont's resounding shore:
The Grecians seek their ships, and clear the strand,
All, but the martial Myrmidonian band;
These yet assembled great Achilles holds,
And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds:
Not yet (my brave companions of the war)
Release your smoking coursers from the car;

But, with his chariot each in order led,
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.
Ere yet from rest or food we seek relief,
Some rites remain to glut our rage of grief.
The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(Achilles first) their coursers round the dead;
And thrice their sorrows and laments renew;
Fears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew.
For such a warrior Thetis aids their wo,
Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow.
But chief, Pelides: thick succeeding sighs
Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
His slaughtering hands, yet red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said:
All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghost
Hear, and rejoice on Pluto's dreary coast;
Behold! Achilles' promise is complete;
The bloody Hector stretch'd before thy feet.
Lo! to the dogs his carcass I resign;
And twelve sad victims of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, instant, shall expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy funeral pyre.
Gloomy he said, and (horrible to view)
Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,
Prone on the dust. The Myrmidons around
Unbrac'd their armour, and the steeds unbound.
All to Achilles' sable ship repair,
Frequent and full, the genial feast to share.
Now from the well-fed swine black smokes aspire,
The bristly victims hissing o'er the fire:
The huge ox bellowing falls; with feebler cries
Expires the goat; the sheep in silence dies.
Around the hero's prostrate body flow'd
In one promiscuous stream the reeking blood.
And now a band of Argive monarchs brings
The glorious victor to the King of Kings.
From his dead friend the pensive warrior went,
With steps unwilling to the regal tent.

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Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,
With kindled flames the tripod-vase surround;
To cleanse his conquering hands from hostile gore,
They urg'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and swore:
No drop shall touch me, by almighty Jove!
The first and greatest of the Gods above!
Till on the pyre I place thee; till I rear
The grassy mound, and clip thy sacred hair.
Some ease at least these pious rites may give,
And sooth my sorrows while I bear to live.
Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I stay,
And share your feast; but, with the dawn of day,
(O king of men!) it claims thy royal care,
That Greece the warrior's funeral pile prepare.
And bid the forests fall (such rites are paid
To heroes slumbering in eternal shade.)
Then, when his earthly part shall mount in fire,
Let the leagu'd squadrons to their posts retire.
He spoke; they hear him, and the word obey;
The rage of hunger and of thirst allay,
Then ease in sleep the labours of the day.
But great Pelides stretch'd along the shore,
Where dash'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
The martial Myrmidons confus'dly stand.
Along the grass his languid members fall,
Tir'd with his chase around the Trojan wall;
Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep.
When lo! the shade, before his closing eyes,
Of sad Patroclus rose, or seem'd to rise;
In the same robe he living wore, he came,
In stature, voice, and pleasing look, the same.
The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,
And sleeps Achilles (thus the phantom said)
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?
Living, I seem'd his dearest, tenderest care,
But now forgot, I wander in the air.

Let my pale corse the rites of burial know,
And give me entrance in the realms below:
Till then, the spirit finds no resting place,
But here and there th' unbodied spectres chase
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to cross th' irremeable flood.
Now give thy hand: for to the farther shore
When once we pass, the soul returns no more:
When once the last funereal flames ascend,
No more shall meet Achilles and his friend?
No more our thoughts to those we love make known;
Or quit the dearest to converse alone.
Me fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,
The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth:
Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall
E'vn great and god-like thou art doom'd to fall.
Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah, suffer that my bones may rest with thine!
Together have we liv'd, together bred,
One house receiv'd us, and one table fed;
That golden urn thy goddess-mother gave,
May mix our ashes in one common grave.
  And is it thou? (he answers) to my sight
Once more return'st thou from the realms of night?
Oh more than brother! think each office paid,
Whate'er can rest a discontented shade;
But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy!
Afford at least that melancholy joy.
  He said, and with his longing arms essay'd
In vain to grasp the visionary shade;
Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.
Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden sleep, and, starting from the sands,
Pensive he muses with uplifted hands.
  'Tis true, 'tis certain: man, though dead, retains
Part of himself; th' immortal mind remains;

The form subsists without the body's aid,
Aërial semblance, and an empty shade!
This night my friend, so late in battle lost,
Stood at my side, a pensive plaintive ghost;
Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,
Alas! how different! yet how like the same!
Thus while he spoke, each eye grew big with tears:
And now the rosy finger'd morn appears,
Shows every mournful face with tears o'erspread,
And glares on the pale visage of the dead.
But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
With mules and waggons sends a chosen band
To load the timber, and the pile to rear;
A charge consign'd to Merion's faithful care,
With proper instruments they take the road,
Axes to cut, and ropes to sling the load.
First march the heavy mules, securely slow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks, they go:
Jumping, high o'er the shrubs of the rough ground;
Rattle the clattering cars, and the shock'd axles bound.
But when arrived at Ida's spreading woods
(Fair Ida, water'd with descending floods)
Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes;
On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep-echoing, groan the thickets brown;
Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.
The wood the Grecians cleave, prepar'd to burn;
And the slow mules the same rough road return.
The sturdy woodmen equal burdens bore
(Such charge was given them) to the sandy shore;
There, on the spot which great Achilles show'd,
They eas'd their shoulders, and dispos'd the load.
Circling around the place, where times to come
Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.
The hero bids his martial troops appear
High on their cars in all the pomp of war;
Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,
All mount their chariots, combatants and squires.

The chariots first proceed, a shining train;
Then clouds of foot that smoke along the plain;
Next these a melancholy band appear,
Amidst, lay dead Patroclus on the bier:
O'er all their corse their scatter'd locks they throw;
Achilles next, opprest with mighty wo,
Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.
Patroclus decent on th'appointed ground
They place, and heap the sylvan pile around.
But great Achilles stands apart in prayer,
And from his head divides the yellow hair;
Those curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,
And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood:
Then sighing, to the deep his looks he cast,
And roll'd his eyes around the watery waste:
Sperchius! whose waves in mazy errors lost
Delightful roll along my native coast!
To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,
These locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn:
Full fifty rams to bleed in sacrifice,
Where to the day the silver fountains rise,
And where in shade of consecrated bowers
Thy altars stand, perfum'd with native flowers!
So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
No more Achilles sees his native plain:
In that vain hope these hairs no longer grow,
Patroclus bears them to the shades below.
Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,
On his cold hand the sacred lock he laid.
Once more afresh the Grecian sorrows flow:
And now the sun had set upon their wo;
But to the king of men thus spoke the chief:
Enough, Atrides! give the troops relief:
Permit the mourning legions to retire,
And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;
The pious care be ours, the dead to burn—
He said: the people to their ships return;

While those deputed to inter the slain,
Heap with a rising pyramid the plain.
A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
The growing structure spreads on every side,
High on the top the manly corse they lay,
And well-fed sheep and sable oxen slay:
Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
And the pil'd victims round the body spread;
Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,
Suspends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
Four sprightly coursers, with a deadly groan
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domestic at his board,
Fall two, selected to attend their lord.
Then last of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad sacrifice; twelve Trojan captives fell.
On these the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he stands on high,
And calls the spirits with a dreadful cry:
All hail, Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghost
Hear, and exult on Pluto's dreary coast.
Behold, Achilles' promise fully paid,
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy shade;
But heavier fates on Hector's corse attend,
Sav'd from the flames, for hungry dogs to rend.
So spake he, threatening: but the Gods made vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the slain;
Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roseate unguents, heavenly fragrance! shed:
She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
And drove the blood-hounds from their destin'd prey.
Nor sacred Phœbus less employ'd his care;
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
And kept the nerves undri'd, the flesh entire,
Against the solar beam and Sirian fire.
Nor yet the pile, where dead Patroclus lies,
Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise;

But fast beside, Achilles stood in prayer,
Invok'd the Gods whose spirit moves the air,
And victims promis'd, and libations cast,
To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast:
He call'd the aerial Powers, along the skies
To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.
The winged Iris heard the hero's call,
And instant hasten'd to their airy hall,
Where, in old Zephyr's open courts on high,
Sat all the blustering brethren of the sky.
She shone amidst them, on her painted bow;
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show.
All from the banquet rise, and each invites
The various Goddess to partake the rites.
Not so, (the dame replied) I haste to go
To sacred Ocean, and the floods below:
E'en now our solemn hecatombs attend,
And heaven is feasting on the world's green end,
With righteous Æthiops (uncorrupted train!)
Far on th' extremest limits of the main.
But Pēleus' son entreats, with sacrifice,
The Western Spirit, and the North, to rise;
Let on Patroclus' pile your blast be driven,
And bear the blazing honours high to Heaven.
Swift as the word she vanish'd from their view;
Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew;
Forth burst the stormy band with thundering roar,
And heaps on heaps the clouds are tost before.
To the wide main then stooping from the skies,
The heaving deeps in watery mountains rise:
Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls,
Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls,
The structure crackles in the roaring fires,
And all the night the plenteous flame aspires.
All night Achilles hails Patroclus' soul,
With large libations from the golden bowl.
As a poor father, helpless and undone,
Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son,

Takes a sad pleasure the last bones to burn,
And pour in tears ere yet they close the urn:
So staid Achilles, circling round the shore,
So watch'd the flames, till now they flame no more.
'Twas when, emerging through the shades of night,
The morning planet told the approach of light;
And fast behind, Aurora's warmer ray
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:
Then sunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
And to their caves the whistling winds return'd;
Across the Thracian seas their course they bore;
The ruffled seas beneath their passage roar.
Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
And sunk to quiet in th' embrace of sleep,
Exhausted with his grief: meanwhile the crowd
Of thronging Grecians round Achilles stood;
The tumult wak'd him; from his eyes he shook
Unwilling slumber, and the chiefs bespoke:
Ye kings and princes of the Achaian name!
First let us quench the yet remaining flame
With sable wine; then (as the rites direct)
The hero's bones with careful view select:
(Apart, and easy to be known they lie
Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye:
The rest around the margin will be seen
Promiscuous, steeds and immolated men.)
These, wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare;
And in the golden vase dispose with care;
There let them rest, with decent honour laid,
Till I shall follow to th' infernal shade.
Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common structure on the humble sands;
Hereafter Greece some nobler work may raise,
And late posterity record our praise.
The Greeks obey; where yet the embers glow
Wide o'er the pile the sable wine they throw,
And deep subsides the ashy heap below.
Next the white bones his sad companions place,
With tears collected, in the golden vase.

The sacred relics to the tent they bore;
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,
And cast the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
Of rising earth, memorial of the dead.
The swarming populace the chief detains,
And leads amidst a wide extent of plains;
There plac'd them round: then from the ships proceeds
A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds,
Vases and tripods, (for the fun'ral games,)
Resplendent brass, and more resplendent dames.
First stood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers in the dusty course:
A woman for the first, in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle, and the labouring loom;
And a large vase, where two bright handles rise,
Of twenty measures its conspicuous size.
The second victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke:
The third a charger, yet untouch'd by flame;
Four ample measures held the shining frame:
Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd;
An ample double bowl contents the last.
These in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
The hero, rising, thus address'd the train:
Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
To the brave rulers of the racing steed;
Prizes which none beside ourself could gain,
Should our immortal coursers take the plain,
(A race unrivall'd, which from Ocean's God
Peleus receiv'd, and on his son bestow'd.)
But this no time our vigour to display;
Nor suit, with them, the games of this sad day;
Lost in Patroclus now, that wont to deck
Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy neck.
Sad as they shar'd, in human grief, they stand
And trail those graceful honours on the sand;

Let others for the noble task prepare,
Who trust the courser, and the flying car.
Fir'd at his word, the rival racers rise;
But far the first, Eumelus hopes the prize,
Fam'd through Pieria for the fleetest breed,
And skill'd to manage the high-bounding steed.
With equal ardour bold Tydides swell'd,
The steeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd,
(Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
When scarce a God redeem'd him from his hand,)
Then Menelaüs his Podargus brings,
And the fam'd courser of the King of Kings:
Whom rich Echepolus (more rich than brave,)
To 'scape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,
(Ethe her name,) at home to end his days;
Base wealth preferring to eternal praise.
Next him Antilochus demands the course,
With beating heart, and cheers his Pylian horse
Experienc'd Nestor gives his son the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat restrains;
Nor idly warns the hoary sire, nor hears
The prudent son with unattending ears:
My son! though youthful ardour fire thy breast,
The Gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have blest,
Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill,
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But slow, and past their vigour are my steeds.
Fear not thy rivals, though for swiftness known:
Compare those rivals' judgment, and thy own:
It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be swift is less than to be wise.
'Tis more by art than force of numerous strokes,
The dextrous woodman shapes the stubborn oaks;
By art the pilot, through the boiling deep
And howling tempest, steers the fearless ship;
And 'tis the artist wins the glorious course,
Not those who trust in chariots and in horse.

In vain; unskilful, to the goal they strive,
And short or wide, th' ungovern'd coursers drive:
While with sure skill, though with inferior steeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
Fix'd on the goal his eye, fore-runs the course,
His hand unerring steers the steady horse,
And now contracts or now extends the rein,
Observing still the foremost on the plain.
Mark then the goal, 'tis easy to be found;
You aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;
Of some once stately oak the last remains,
Or hardy fir, unperish'd with the rains:
Enclos'd with stones; conspicuous from afar;
And round, a circle for the wheeling car
(Some tomb, perhaps, of old; the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race):
Bear close to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the left-hand steed;
But urge the right, and give him all the reins;
While thy strict hand his fellow's head restrains,
And turns him short; till, doubling as they roll,
The wheel's round naves appear to brush the goal.
Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horse)
Clear of the stony heap direct the course;
Lest, through incaution failing, thou may'st be
A joy to others, a reproach to me.
So shalt thou pass the goal, secure of mind,
And leave unskilful swiftness far behind,
Though thy fierce rival drove the matchless steed
Which bore Adrastus, of celestial breed;
Or the fam'd race, through all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon.
Thus, (nought unsaid) the much-advising sage,
Concludes; then sate, stiff with unwieldy age.
Next bold Meriones was seen to rise,
The last, but not least ardent for the prize.
They mount their seats; the lots their place dispose,
(Roll'd in his helmet, these Achilles throws.)

Young Nestor leads the race: Eumelus then;
And next the brother of the king of men:
Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was cast;
And far the bravest, Diomed, was last.
They stand in order, an impatient train;
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,
And sends before old Phœnix to the place,
To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
At once the coursers from the barrier bound;
The lifted scourges all at once resound;
Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they send before;
And up the champaign thunder from the shore:
Thick, where they drive, the dusty clouds arise,
And the lost courser in the whirlwind flies;
Loose on their shoulders the long manes, reclin'd,
Float in their speed, and dance upon the wind:
The smoking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now seem to touch the sky, and now the ground.
While hot for fame, and conquest all their care,
(Each o'er his flying courser hung in air)
Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,
They pant, they stretch, they shout along the plain.
Now (the last compass fetch'd around the goal)
At the near prize each gathers all his soul,
Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
Tears up the shore, and thunders toward the main.
First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds;
With those of Tros, bold Diomed succeeds;
Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And seem just mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
And hovering o'er, their stretching shadows sees.
Then had he lost, or left a doubtful prize:
But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies,
Strikes from his hand the scourge, and renders vain
His matchless horses' labour on the plain.
Rage fills his eye with anguish to survey,
Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.

The fraud celestial Pallas sees with pain,
Springs to her knight, and gives the scourge again,
And fills his steeds with vigour. At a stroke,
She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke;
No more their way the startled horses held;
The car revers'd came rattling on the field,
Shot headlong from his seat, beside the wheel,
Prone on th' dust the unhappy master fell;
His batter'd face and elbows strike the ground;
Nose, mouth, and front, one undistinguish'd wound;
Grief stops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
Before him far the glad Tydides flies;
Minerva's spirit drives his matchless pace,
And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.
The next, though distant, Menelaus succeeds;
While thus young Nestor animates his steeds,
Now, now, my generous pair, exert your force;
Not that we hope to match Tydides' horse,
Since great Minerva wings their rapid way,
And gives their lord the honours of the day.
But reach Atrides! shall his mare outgo
Your swiftness, vanquish'd by a female foe?
Through your neglect, if lagging on the plain
The last ignoble gift be all we gain;
No more shall Nestor's hand your food supply,
The old man's fury rises and ye die.
Haste then; yon narrow road before our sight
Presents th' occasion, could we use it right.
Thus he: The coursers at their master's threat
With quicker steps the sounding champaign beat.
And now Antilochus with nice survey,
Observes the compass of the hollow way.
'Twas where by force of wintry torrents torn,
Fast by the road a precipice was worn:
Here, where but one could pass to shun the throng
The Spartan hero's chariot smok'd along.
Close up the venturous youth resolves to keep,
Still edging near, and bears him toward the steep.

Atrides, trembling, casts his eye below,
And wonders at the rashness of his foe.
Hold, stay your steeds—What madness thus to ride
This narrow way; take larger field (he cried)
Or both must fall—Atrides cried in vain;
He flies more fast, and throws up all the rein.
Far as an able arm the disk can send,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,
So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
Before the king: he, cautious, backward drew
His horse, compell'd; foreboding in his fears
The rattling ruin of the clashing cars,
The floundering coursers rolling on the plain,
And conquest lost through frantic haste to gain,
But thus upbraids his rival as he flies:
Go, furious youth! ungenerous and unwise!
Go, but expect not I'll the prize resign;
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine—
Then to his steeds with all his force he cries;
Be swift, be vigorous, and regain the prize!
Your rivals, destitute of youthful force,
With fainting knees shall labour in the course,
And yield the glory yours—The steeds obey;
Already at their heels they wing their way,
And seem already to retrieve the day.
Meantime the Grecians in a ring beheld,
The coursers bounding o'er the dusty field,
The first who mark'd them was the Cretan king;
High on a rising ground, above the ring,
The monarch sate: from whence with sure survey
He well observ'd the chief who led the way,
And heard from far his animating cries,
And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes;
On whose broad front, a blaze of shining white,
Like the full moon stood obvious to the sight.
He saw; and, rising, to the Greeks begun:
Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone?
Or can ye, all, another chief survey,
And other steeds, than lately led the way!

Those though the swiftest, by some God withheld,
Lie sure disabled in the middle field:
For since the goal they doubled, round the plain
I search to find them, but I search in vain.
Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,
And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,
Shot from the chariot; while his coursers stray
With frantic fury from the destin'd way.
Rise then some other, and inform my sight,
(For these dim eyes, perhaps discern not right)
Yet sure he seems (to judge by shape and air)
The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war.
Old man! (Oïleus rashly thus replies)
Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize;
Of those who view the course, not sharpest ey'd,
Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide,
Eumelus' steeds high bounding in the chase,
Still as at first, unrivall'd lead the race,
I well discern him as he shakes the rein,
And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain.
Thus he. Idomeneus incens'd rejoin'd:
Barbarous of words! and arrogant of mind!
Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beside
The last in merit, as the first in pride:
To vile reproach what answer can we make?
A goblet or a tripod let us stake,
And be the king the judge. The most unwise
Will learn their rashness, when they pay the price.
He said and Ajax, by mad passion borne,
Stern had replied; fierce scorn enhancing scorn
To fell extremes. But Thetis' godlike son
Awful amidst them rose, and thus begun:
Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend:
Much would you blame should others thus offend:
And lo! th' approaching steeds your contest end.
No sooner had he spoke, but, thundering near,
Drives through a stream of dust the charioteer.
High o'er his head the circling lash he wields;
His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields:

His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
Refulgent through the cloud; no eye could find
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce coursers urg'd their rapid pace
So swift, it seem'd a flight and not a race.
Now victor at the goal Tydides stands,
Quits his bright car, and springs upon the sands;
From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents stream;
The well-plied whip is hung athwart the beam:
With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
The tripod vase, and dame with radiant eyes:
These to the ships his train triumphant leads,
The chief himself unyokes the panting steeds.
Young Nestor follows (who by art, not force,
O'er-pass'd Atrides) second in the course.
Behind, Atrides urg'd the race more near,
Than to the courser in his swift career
The following car, just touching with his heel.
And brushing with his tail the whirling wheel:
Such and so narrow now the space between
The rivals, late so distant on the green;
So soon swift Æthe her lost ground regain'd,
One length, one moment, had the race obtain'd.
Merion pursu'd, at greater distance still,
With tardier coursers and inferior skill,
Last came, Admetus! thy unhappy son:
Slow dragg'd the steeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles saw, and pitying thus begun:
Behold! the man whose matchless art surpast
The sons of Greece! the ablest, yet the last!
Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay
(Since great Tydides bears the first away)
To him the second honours of the day.
The Greeks consent with loud applauding cries,
And then Eumelus had receiv'd the prize,
But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame,
Th' award opposes, and asserts his claim.

Think not (he cries) I tamely will resign,
O Peleus' son! the mare so justly mine.
What if the Gods, the skilful to confound,
Have thrown the horse and horseman to the ground?
Perhaps he sought not heaven by sacrifice,
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
If yet (distinction to thy friend to show,
And please a soul desirous to bestow)
Some gift must grace Eumelus; view thy store
Of beauteous handmaids, steeds, and shining ore;
An ample present let him thence receive,
And Greece shall praise thy generous thirst to give.
But this my prize I never shall forego:
This, who but touches, warriors! is my foe.
Thus spake the youth; nor did his words offend;
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flattery of a friend,
Achilles smil'd: the gift propos'd (he cried)
Antilochus! we shall ourself provide.
With plates of brass the corselet cover'd o'er
(The same renown'd Asteropæus wore,)
Whose glittering margins rais'd with silver shine,
(No vulgar gift) Eumelus, shall be thine.
He said: Automedon at his command
The corselet brought, and gave it to his hand.
Distinguish'd by his friend, his bosom glows
With generous joy: then Menelaüs rose;
The herald plac'd the sceptre in his hands,
And still'd the clamour of the shouting bands.
Not without cause incens'd at Nestor's son,
And inly grieving, thus the king begun:
The praise of wisdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
An act so rash Antilochus has stain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my just reward,
To you, O Grecians! be my wrong declar'd:
So not a leader shall our conduct blame,
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.
But shall not we, ourselves, the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact so plain?

What Greek shall blame me, If I bid thee rise,
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize?
Rise if thou dar'st, before thy chariot stand,
The driving scourge high-lifted in thy hand;
And touch thy steeds, and swear thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.
Swear by that God whose liquid arms surround
The globe, and whose dread earthquake heaves the ground.

The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuse, if youth have err'd
Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years or sense.
Thou know'st the errors of unripen'd age;
Weak are its counsels, headlong is its rage,
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath resign;
The mare, or aught thou ask'st, be freely thine,
Ere I become (from thy dear friendship torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the gods forsworn.

So spoke Antilochus: and at the word
The mare contested to the king restor'd.
Joy swells his soul: as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green year above the springing plain,
The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew,
Such joy the Spartan's shining face o'erspread,
And lifted his gay heart while thus he said:

Still may our souls, O generous youth! agree,
'Tis now Atrides' turn to yield to thee.
Rash heat perhaps a moment might control,
Not break, the settled temper of thy soul.
Not but (my friend) 'tis still the wiser way
To wave contention with superior sway;
For ah! how few, who should like thee offend,
Like thee have talents to regain the friend?
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merit and thy own:
Generous alike, for me, the sire and son
Have greatly suffer'd, and have greatly done.

I yield; that all may know, my soul can bend,
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.
He said; and, pleas'd his passion to command,
Resign'd the courser to Noeman's hand,
Friend of the youthful chief: himself content,
The shining charger to his vessel sent.
The golden talents Merion next obtain'd,
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
Achilles this to reverend Nestor bears,
And thus the purpose of his gift declares:
Accept thou this, O sacred-sire! (he said)
In dear memorial of Patroclus dead;
Dead, and for ever lost, Patroclus lies,
For ever snatch'd from our desiring eyes!
Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
Though 'tis not thine to hurl the distant dart,
The quoit to toss, the ponderous mace to wield,
Or urge the race, or wrestle on the field.
Thy pristine vigour age has overthrown,
But left the glory of the past thy own.
He said, and plac'd the goblet at his side;
With joy the venerable king replied:
Wisely and well, my son, thy words have prov'd
A senior honour'd and a friend belov'd!
Too true it is, deserted of my strength,
These wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known through Buprasium and the Pylian shore!
Victorious then in every solemn game,
Ordain'd to Amarynces' mighty name;
The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
Ætolians, Pylians, all resign the day.
I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
And backward hurl'd Ancæus on the sand,
Surpast Iphyclus in the swift career,
Phyleus and Polydorus with a spear.
The sons of Actor won the prize of horse,
But won by numbers, not by art or force:

For the fam'd steeds, impatient to survey
Prize after prize by Nestor borne away,
Sprung to their car; and with united pains
One lash'd the coursers, while one rul'd the reins.
Such once I was! now to these tasks succeeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds:
I yield, alas! (to age who must not yield?)
Though once the foremost hero of the field.
Go thou, my son! by generous friendship led,
With martial honours decorate the dead;
While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands present
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent;)
Rejoic'd, of all the numerous Greeks, to see
Not one but honours sacred age and me:
Those due distinctions thou so well canst pay,
May the just Gods return another day!
Proud of the gift, thus spake the full of days.
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praise.
The prizes next are order'd to the field,
For the bold champions who the cæstus wield.
A stately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of six years age, unconscious of the yoke,
Is to the circus led, and firmly bound;
Next stands a goblet, massy, large and round.
Achilles rising thus: let Greece excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight;
Who dare the foe with lifted arms provoke,
And rush beneath the long-descending stroke.
On whom Apollo shall the palm bestow,
And whom the Greeks supreme by conquest know
This mule his dauntless labours shall repay;
The vanquish'd bear the massy bowl away.
This dreadful combat great Epeus chose;
High o'er the crowd, enormous bulk! he rose,
And seiz'd the beast, and thus began to say:
Stand forth some man, to bear the bowl away:
(Price of his ruin:) for who dares deny
This mule my right: th' undoubted victor I?

Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle shine,
But the first honours of this fight are mine;
For who excels in all? Then let my foe
Draw near, but first his certain fortune know,
Secure, this hand shall his whole frame confound,
Mash all his bones, and all his body pound:
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train
To heave the batter'd carcass off the plain.
The giant spoke; and in a stupid gaze
The host beheld him, silent with amaze!
'Twas thou, Euryalus! who durst aspire
To meet his might, and emulate thy sire,
The great Mecistheus, who in days of yore
In Theban games the noblest trophy bore,
(The games ordain'd dead Œdipus to grace)
And singly vanquish'd the Cadmæan race.
Him great Tydides urges to contend,
Warm with the hopes of conquest for his friend;
Officious with the cincture girds him round;
And to his wrists the gloves of death are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion stands,
And poises high in air his iron hands;
With clashing gauntlets now they fiercely close,
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
And painful sweat from all their members flows.
At length Epeus dealt a weighty blow,
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
Beneath that ponderous arm's resistless sway
Down dropt he nerveless, and extended lay.
As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,
By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,
Lies panting: not less batter'd with his wound,
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,
Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;
Whose arms support him, reeling through the throng,
And dragging his disabled legs along;
Nodding, his head hangs down his shoulder o'er;
His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore;

Wrapt round in mists he lies, and lost to thought;
His friends receive the bowl too dearly bought.
The third bold game Achilles next demands,
And calls the wrestlers to the level sands:
A massy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice six oxen its reputed price;
And next, the loser's spirits to restore,
A female captive, valu'd but at four.
Scarce did the chief the vigorous strife propose,
When tower-like Ajax and Ulysses rose,
Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands:
Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;
Below, their planted feet, at distance fixt:
Like two strong rafters which the builder forms
Proof to the wintry wind and howling storms,
Their tops connected, but at wider space
Fixt on their centre stands their solid base.
Now to the grasp each manly body bends;
The humid sweat from every pore descends;
Their bones resound with blows: sides, shoulders, thighs
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumors rise.
Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground;
Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.
While the long strife e'en tir'd the lookers-on,
Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon:
Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me:
Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree.
He said; and straining heav'd him off the ground
With matchless strength; that time Ulysses found
The strength t' evade, and where the nerves combine
His ancle struck; the giant fell supine;
Ulysses following, on his bosom lies;
Shouts of applause run rattling through the skies.
Ajax to lift, Ulysses next essays,
He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise:

His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt denied,
And grappling close, they tumbled side by side.
Defil'd with honourable dust they roll,
Still breathing strife, and unsubdued c' soul:
Again they rage, again to combat rise;
When great Achilles thus divides the prize:
Your noble vigour, oh, my friends restrain;
Nor weary out your generous strength in vain.
Ye both have won: let others who excel,
Now prove that prowess you have prov'd so well.
The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,
From their tir'd bodies wipe the dust away.
And, cloth'd anew, the following games survey.
And now succeed the gifts ordain'd to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race.
A silver urn that full six measures held,
By none in weight or workmanship excell'd;
Sidonian artists taught the frame to shine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine;
Whence Tyrian sailors did the prize transport,
And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port:
From him descended, good Eunæus heir'd
The glorious gift; and, for Lycaon spar'd,
To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward.
Now, the same hero's funeral rites to grace,
It stands the prize of swiftness in the race.
A well-fed ox was for the second plac'd;
And half a talent must content the last.
Achilles rising then bespoke the train;
Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain.
The hero said, and starting from his place
Oïlean Ajax rises to the race;
Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpast
His youthful equals, Nestor's son the last.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand;
Pelides points the barrier with his hand,
All start at once; Oïleus led the race;
The next Ulysses, measuring pace by pace:

Behind him, diligently close, he sped,
As closely following as the running thread
The spindle follows, and displays the charms
Of the fair spinster's breast, and moving arms:
Graceful in motion thus, his foe, he plies,
And treads each footstep ere the dust can rise:
His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays;
Th' admiring Greeks loud acclamations raise:
To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,
And send their souls before him as he flies.
Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal,
The panting chief to Pallas lifts his soul:
Assist, O Goddess! (thus in thought he pray'd)
And present at his thought, descends the Maid.
Buoy'd by her heavenly force he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,
Unhappy Ajax stumbles on the plain
(O'erturn'd by Pallas;) where the slippery shore
Was clogg'd with slimy dung, and mingled gore
(The self-same place beside Patroclus' pyre,
Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the fire:)
Besmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay;
The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shar'd,
And left the urn Ulysses' rich reward.
Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast,
The baffled hero thus the Greeks addrest:
  Accursed fate! the conquest I forego;
A mortal I, a Goddess was my foe;
She urg'd her favourite on the rapid way,
And Pallas, not Ulysses won the day.
  Thus sourly wail'd he, sputtering dirt and gore,
A burst of laughter echo'd through the shore,
Antilochus, more humorous than the rest,
Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest.
  Why with our wiser elders should we strive?
The Gods still love them, and they always thrive.

Ye see, to Ajax I must yield the prize:
He to Ulysses, still more ag'd and wise;
(A green old age unconscious of decays,
That prove the hero born in better days!)
Behold his vigour in this active race!
Achilles only boasts a swifter pace:
For who can match Achilles? He who can
Must yet be more than hero, more than man.
Th' effect succeeds the speech, Pelides cries,
Thy artful praise deserves a better prize.
Nor Greece in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd;
Receive a talent of the purest gold.
The youth departs content. The host admire
The son of Nestor, worthy of his sire.
Next these a buckler, spear, and helm, he brings;
Cast on the plain the brazen burden rings:
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
And great Patroclus in short triumph bore.
Stand forth the bravest of our host! (he cries)
Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize,
Now grace the lists before our army's sight,
And, sheath'd in steel, provoke his foe to fight.
Who first the jointed armour shall explore,
And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore;
The sword which Asteropeus possest of old
(A Thracian blade, distinct with studs of gold)
Shall pay the stroke, and grace the striker's side;
These arms in common let the chiefs divide:
For each brave champion, when the combat ends,
A sumptuous banquet at our tent attends.
Fierce at the word, up rose great Tydeus' son,
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.
Clad in refulgent steel on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand:
Lowering they meet, tremendous to the sight;
Each Argive bosom beats with fierce delight
Oppos'd in arms not long they idly stood,
But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge r

A furious pass the spear of Ajax made
Through the broad shield, but at the corselet stay'd:
Not thus the foe: his javelin aim'd above
The buckler's margin at the neck he drove.
But Greece now trembling for her hero's life,
Bade share the honours and surcease the strife,
Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains,
With him the sword and studded belt remains.
  Then hurl'd the hero, thundering on the ground,
A mass of iron (an enormous round)
Whose weight and size the circling Greeks admire,
Rude from the furnace, and but shap'd by fire.
This mighty quoit Aëtion wont to rear,
And from his whirling arm dismiss in air;
The giant by Achilles slain, he stow'd
Among his spoils this memorable load.
For this, he bids those nervous artists vie,
That teach the disk to sound along the sky.
Let him whose might can hurl this bowl, arise;
Who farthest hurls it, takes it as his prize:
If he be one, enrich'd with large domain
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
Small stock of iron needs that man provide;
His hinds and swains whole years shall be supplied
From hence: nor ask the neighbouring city's aid,
For ploughshares, wheels, and all the rural trade.
  Stern Polypœtes stept before the throng,
And great Leontes, more than mortal strong;
Whose force with rival forces to oppose,
Up rose great Ajax; up Epëus rose.
Each stood in order: first Epëus threw;
High o'er the wondering crowds the whirling circle flew.
Leontes next a little space surpast,
And third, the strength of godlike Ajax cast.
O'er both their marks it flew; till fiercely flung
From Polypœtes' arm the discus sung:
Far as a swain his whirling sheephook throws,
That distant falls among the grazing cows,

So past them all the rapid circle flies:
His friends (while loud applauses shake the skies)
With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize.
Those who in skilful archery contend,
He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
And twice ten axes cast amidst the round
(Ten double-edg'd, and ten that singly wound.)
The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore,
The hero fixes in the sandy shore;
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
Whose weapon strikes yon fluttering bird, shall bear
These two-edg'd axes, terrible in war;
The single, he, whose shaft divides the cord.
He said: experienced Merion took the word;
And skilful Teucer: in the helm they threw
Their lots inscrib'd, and forth the latter flew.
Swift from the string the sounding arrow flies;
But flies unblest! No grateful sacrifice,
No firstling lambs, unheedful! didst thou vow
To Phœbus, patron of the shaft and bow.
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aside,
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that tied:
Adown the main-mast fell the parted string,
And the free bird to heaven displays her wing:
Seas, shores, and skies with loud applause resound,
And Merion eager meditates the wound:
He takes the bow, directs the shaft above,
And, following with his eye the soaring dove,
Implores the God to speed it through the skies,
With vows of firstling lambs, and grateful sacrifice.
The dove, in airy circles as she wheels,
Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels;
Quite through and through the point its passage found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
The wounded bird, ere yet she breath'd her last,
With flagging wings alighted on the mast;

A moment hung, and spread her pinions there,
Then sudden dropt, and left her life in air.
From the pleas'd crowd new peals of thunder rise,
And to the ships brave Merion bears the prize.
To close the funeral games, Achilles last
A massy spear amid the circle plac'd,
And ample charger of unsullied frame,
With flowers high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame.
For these he bids the heroes prove their art,
Whose dext'rous skill directs the flying dart.
Here too great Merion hopes the noble prize;
Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.
With joy Pelides saw the honour paid,
Rose to the monarch, and respectful said:
Thee first in virtue as in power supreme,
O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim;
In every martial game thy worth attest,
And know thee both their greatest and their best,
Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear
This beamy javelin in thy brother's war.
Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praise to hear,
The king to Merion gives the brazen spear:
But, set apart for sacred use, commands
The glittering charger to Talthybius' hands.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Redemption of the Body of Hector.

The Gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter send Thetis to Achilles, to dispose him for the restoring it; and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person, and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a wagon loaded with presents, under the charge of Idæus, the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son; Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body: The Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles. And as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles' camp, and partly in Troy.

Now from the finish'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships and clear the crowded strand.
All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so Achilles: he to grief resign'd,
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep,
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed.

The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
What toils they shar'd, what martial works they wrought,
What seas they measur'd, and what fields they fought:
All past before him in remembrance dear,
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day:
Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There as the solitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves:
Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd:
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurried to the tent.
There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
While foul in dust th' unhonour'd carcass lies,
But not deserted by the pitying skies.
For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care,
Preserv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
And ignominious as it swept the field,
Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield.
All Heaven was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe:
But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
And th' unrelenting Empress of the skies:
E'er since that day implacable to Troy,
What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,
Won by destructive lust (reward obscene)
Their charms rejected for the Cyprian Queen.
But when the tenth celestial morning broke;
To Heaven assembled, thus Apollo spoke:
Unpitying Powers! how oft each holy fane
Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims slain!
And can ye still his cold remains pursue?
Still grudge his body to the Trojan's view?

Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire
The last sad honours of a funeral fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?
That iron heart, inflexibly severe;
A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide
In strength of rage and impotence of pride;
Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to destroy.
Shame is not of his soul; nor understood,
The greatest evil and the greatest good.
Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
To lose a friend, a brother or a son,
Heaven dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
Awhile they sorrow, then dismiss their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this, insatiate, the commission given
By fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of Heaven:
Lo how his rage dishonest drags along
Hector's dead earth, insensible of wrong!
Brave though he be, yet by no reason aw'd,
He violates the laws of man and God.
If equal honours by the partial skies
Are doom'd both heroes, (Juno thus replies)
If Thetis' son must no distinction know,
Then hear, ye Gods! the Patron of the Bow.
But Hector only boasts a mortal claim:
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
Achilles of your own ethereal race
Springs from a Goddess by a man's embrace,
(A Goddess by ourself to Peleus given,
A man divine, and chosen friend of Heaven.)
To grace those nuptials from the bright abode
Yourselves were present; where his minstrel God
(Well pleas'd to share the feast) amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.
Then thus the Thunderer checks the imperial dame.
Let not thy wrath the court of Heaven inflame;
Their merits, not their honours, are the same.

But mine, and every God's peculiar grace,
Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:
Still on our shrines his grateful offerings lay
(The only honours men to Gods can pay;)
Nor ever from our smoking altar ceas'd
The pure libation, and the holy feast.
How'er by stealth to snatch the corse away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
But haste, and summon to our courts above
The azure Queen: let her persuasion move
Her furious son from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ransom, and the corse to leave.
He added not: and Iris from the skies,
Swift as a whirlwind on the message flies,
Meteorous the face of ocean sweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps.
Between where Samos wide his forests spreads,
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,
Down plung'd the Maid (the parted waves resound;)
She plung'd and instant shot the dark profound.
As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,
From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;
So past the Goddess through the closing wave
Where Thetis sorrow'd in her secret cave:
There plac'd amidst her melancholy train
(The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main)
Pensive she sat, revolving fates to come,
And wept her godlike son's approaching doom.
Then thus the goddess of the painted bow:
Arise, O Thetis, from thy seats below,
'Tis Jove that calls. And why (the Dame replies)
Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies?
Sad object as I am for heavenly light!
Ah, may my sorrows ever shun the sight!
Howe'er, be heaven's almighty Sire obey'd—
She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,
Which flowing long, her graceful person clad;
And forth she pac'd, majestically sad.

Then through the world of waters they repair
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,
And touch with momentary flight the skies.
There in the lightning's blaze the Sire they found,
And all the Gods in shining synod round,
Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face,
(Minerva rising, gave the mourner place)
E'en Juno sought her sorrows to console,
And offer'd from her hand the nectar bowl
She tasted, and resign'd it: then began
The sacred Sire of Gods and mortal man:
Thou com'st, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercast:
Maternal sorrows; long, ah long to last!
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:
But yield to Fate, and hear what Jove declares.
Nine days are past, since all the court above
In Hector's cause have mov'd the ear of Jove;
'Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe
By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:
We will, thy son himself the corse restore,
And to his conquest add this glory more.
Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear,
Tell him he tempts the wrath of heaven too far.
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead:
But yield to ransom and the father's prayer.
The mournful father, Iris shall prepare,
With gifts to sue; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honour asks, or heart demands.
His word the silver-footed Queen attends,
And from Olympus' snowy tops descends.
Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent
His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes;
The Goddess seats her by her pensive son,
She prest his hand, and tender thus begun

Conceal'd from sight; with frantic hands he spread
A shower of ashes o'er his neck and head.
From room to room his pensive daughters roam;
Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;
Mindful of those, who, late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy!
Before the king Jove's messenger appears,
And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears:
Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear;
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care;
For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so he wills: no Trojan near,
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand
May the slow mules and funeral car command.
Nor shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger dread,
Safe through the foe by his protection led;
Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.
She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harness to the car;
There, for the gifts a polish'd casket lay;
His pious sons the king's command obey
Then pass'd the monarch to his bridal-room,
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
And where the treasures of his empire lay;
Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say:
Unhappy consort of a king distrest!
Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast:
I saw descend the messenger of Jove,
Who bids me try Achilles mind to move;
Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corse of Hector, at yon navy slain.

How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow;
And thy heart waste with life-consuming wo:
Mindless of food, or love, whose pleasing reign
Sooths weary life, and softens human pain?
O snatch the moments yet within thy power;
Not long to live, indulge the amorous hour!
Lo! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of Heaven too far.
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relics of great Hector dead;
Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain,
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain.
To whom Achilles: Be the ransom given,
And we submit, since such the will of Heaven.
While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian bowers
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan towers.
Haste, winged Goddess! to the sacred town,
And urge the monarch to redeem his son;
Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so we will: no Trojan near;
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand,
May the slow mules and funeral car command.
Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
Safe through the foe by our protection led:
Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.
Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives:
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
Sate bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.
And all amidst them lay the hoary sire,
(Sad scene of wo!) his face, his wrapt attire

Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go
Through hostile camps, and bears me to the foe.
  The hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries
Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies:
Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind;
Through Phrygia once, and foreign regions known;
Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown?
Singly to pass through hosts of foes! to face
(Oh, heart of steel!) the murderer of thy race!
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
Those hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore!
Alas! my Lord! he knows not how to spare,
And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare;
So brave! so many fall'n! To calm his rage
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
No—pent in this sad palace, let us give
To grief the wretched days we have to live.
Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,
Born to his own and to his parents' wo!
Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun,
To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus'son!
Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
My rage, and these barbarities repay!
For ah! could Hector merit thus, whose breath
Expir'd not meanly in unactive death!
He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right.
  Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night
(Replied unmov'd the venerable man,)
'Tis heaven commands me, and you urge in vain.
Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
Nor augur, priest, or seer had been obey'd.
A present Goddess brought the high command,
I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
I go, ye Gods! obedient to your call;
If in yon camp your powers have doom'd my fall,

Content—by the same hand let me expire;
Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire!
One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,
And my last tears flow mingled with his blood!
From forth his open'd stores, this said, he drew
Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue,
As many vests, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils, and garments stiff with gold.
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine,
With ten pure talents from the richest mine,
And last a large well-labour'd bowl had place,
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace)
Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
For one last look to buy him back to Troy!
Lo! the sad father, frantic with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train:
In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
What make ye here? officious crowds! (he cries)
Hence! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.
Have you no griefs at home, to fix you there;
Am I the only object of despair?
Am I become my people's common show,
Set up by Jove your spectacle of wo?
No, you must feel him too; yourselves must fall;
The same stern God to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great Hector lost by me alone;
Your sole defence, your guardian power is gone!
I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown,
I see the ruins of your smoking town:
O send me, Gods! ere that sad day shall come,
A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome!
He said, and feebly drives his friends away:
The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.
Next on his sons his erring fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls;
His threats Deïphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothoüs Pammon, Helenus the seer,

And generous Antiphon: for yet these nine
Surviv'd, sad relics of his numerous line.
Inglorious sons, of an unhappy sire!
Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?
Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain!
Nestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,
And last great Hector, more than man divine,
For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!
All those relentless Mars untimely slew,
And left me these, a soft and servile crew.
Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatterers, the contempt of Troy!
Why teach me not my rapid wheels to run,
And speed my journey to redeem my son?
The sons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the seat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd;
Box was the yoke, emboss'd with costly pains,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground;
These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,
Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,
And close beneath, the gather'd ends were tied.
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)
The sad attendants load the groaning wain:
Last to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring
(The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king.)
But the fair horses, long his darling care,
Himself receiv'd, and harnass'd to his car:
Griev'd as he was, he not this task denied:
The hoary herald helped him, at his side.
While careful these the gentle coursers join'd
Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind;
A golden bowl that flow'd with fragrant wine,
(Libation destin'd to the Power divine)

Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,
And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands:
Take this, and pour to Jove; that, safe from harms,
His grace restore thee to our roof and arms.
Since victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,
Heaven, or thy soul, inspire this bold design:
Pray to that God, who high on Ida's brow
Surveys thy desolated realms below,
His winged messenger to send from high,
And lead thy way with heavenly augury:
Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ethereal space.
That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,
Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove;
But if the God his augury denies,
Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice.
'Tis just (said Priam) to the Sire above,
To raise our hands; for who so good as Jove?
He spoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
The purest water of the living spring
(Her ready hands the ewer and basin held;)
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;
On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,
Uplifts his eyes and calls the Power divine:
Oh first, and greatest! Heaven's imperial Lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
To stern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.
If such thy will, despatch from yonder sky
Thy sacred bird, celestial augury!
Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ethereal space:
So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,
Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove.
Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high
Despatch'd his bird, celestial augury!
The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,
And known to Gods by Percnos' lofty name.

Wide as appears some palace gate display'd,
So broad, his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,
As stooping dexter with resounding wings
Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.
A dawn of joy in every face appears;
The mourning matron dries her timorous tears:
Swift on his car th' impatient monarch sprung;
The brazen portal in his passage rung.
The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charg'd with the gifts: Idæus holds the rein:
The king himself his gentle steeds controls,
And through surrounding friends the chariot rolls.
On his slow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each step, and give him up to Fate;
With hands uplifted, ey'd him as he past,
And gaz'd upon him as they gaz'd their last.
Now forward fares the father on his way,
Through the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
Great Jove beheld him as he crost the plain,
And felt the woes of miserable man.
Then thus to Hermes: Thou whose constant cares
Still succour mortals, and attend their prayers,
Behold an object to thy charge consign'd:
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
Go, guard the sire; th' observing foe prevent,
And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent.
The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That high, through fields of air, his flight sustain,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main.
Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.
A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,
He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!
Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the dusky fields in sober gray;

What time the herald and the hoary king,
(Their chariots stopping at the silver spring,
That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows)
Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.
Through the dim shade the herald first espies
A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries.
I mark some foe's advance: O king! beware,
This hard adventure claims thy utmost care:
For, much I fear, destruction hovers nigh:
Our state asks counsel.—Is it best to fly?
Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall,
(Two wretched suppliants) and for mercy call?
Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;
Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A sudden trembling shook his aged frame:
When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And gently thus accosts with kind demand:
Say whither, father! when each mortal sight
Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st through the night?
Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,
Through Grecian foes, so numerous and so strong?
What couldst thou hope, should these thy treasures view,
These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?
For what defence, alas! couldst thou provide;
Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide?
Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread:
From me no harm shall touch thy reverend head,
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in those lines
The living image of my father shines.
Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind,
Are true, my son! (the godlike sire rejoin'd)
Great are my hazards; but the Gods survey
My steps, and send thee, guardian of my way.
Hail, and be blest! for scarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy features, and thy mind.
Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide;
(The sacred messenger of Heaven replied)

But say, convey'st thou through the lonely plains
What yet most precious of thy store remains,
To lodge in safety with some friendly hand:
Prepar'd perchance, to leave thy native land?
Or fly'st thou now?—What hopes can Troy retain;
Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain?
The king, alarm'd: Say what, and whence thou art,
Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,
And know so well how godlike Hector died?
Thus Priam spoke, and Hermes thus replied:
You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
On this sad subject, you inquire too much:
Oft have these eyes that godlike Hector view'd
In glorious fight, with Grecian blood imbru'd:
I saw him, when, like Jove, his flames he tost
On thousand ships, and wither'd half a host:
I saw, but help'd not: stern Achilles' ire
Forbade assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.
For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race;
One ship convey'd us from our native place;
Polyctor is my sire, an honour'd name,
Old like thyself, and not unknown to fame:
Of seven his sons, by whom the lot was cast
To serve our prince, it fell on me, the last.
To watch this quarter my adventure falls:
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls;
Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
And scarce their rulers check the martial rage.
If then thou art of stern Pelides' train,
(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again:
Ah, tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
My son's dear relics? what befalls him dead?
Have dogs dismember'd (on the naked plains)
Or yet unmangled rest his cold remains?
O favour'd of the skies! (thus answer'd then
The power that mediates between Gods and men)
Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
But where he lies, neglected in the tent:

This the twelfth evening since he rested there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead:
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
All fresh he lies, with every living grace,
Majestical in death! No stains are found
O'er all the corse, and clos'd is every wound;
Though many a wound they gave. Some heavenly care,
Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair:
Or all the host of heaven, to whom he led
A life so grateful, still regard him dead.
Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide,
And joyful thus the royal sire replied:
Blest is the man who pays the Gods above
The constant tribute of respect and love;
Those who inhabit the Olympian bower
My son forgot not, in exalted power;
And Heaven, that every virtue bears in mind,
E'en to th' ashes of the just, is kind.
But thou, oh generous youth! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude, for Hector's sake;
And while the favouring Gods our steps survey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.
To whom the latent God: O King, forbear
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err:
But can I, absent from my prince's sight,
Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light?
What from our master's interest thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.
Respecting him my soul abjures th' offence;
And as the crime, I dread the consequence.
Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey;
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way:
On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,
O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main.
He said, then took the chariot at the bound,
And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around:

Before th' inspiring God that urg'd them on,
The coursers fly, with spirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repasting, while the bowls go round:
On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes:
Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.
Unseen, through all the hostile camp they went,
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marshy shore;
And fenc'd with palisades, a hall of state,
(The work of soldiers) where the hero sate.
Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength
A solid pine-tree barr'd, of wonderous length;
Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
But great Achilles singly clos'd the gate.
This Hermes (such the power of Gods) set wide;
Then swift alighted the celestial guide,
And thus reveal'd—Hear, prince! and understand
Thou owe'st thy guidance to no mortal hand:
Hermes I am, descended from above,
The King of arts, the messenger of Jove.
Farewell: to shun Achilles sight I fly:
Uncommon are such favours of the sky,
Nor stand confest to frail mortality.
Now fearless enter, and prefer thy prayers;
Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,
His son, his mother! urge him to bestow
Whatever pity that stern heart can know.
This having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
And in a moment shot into the skies:
The king, confirm'd from heaven, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.
With solemn pace through various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent;

There sate the hero; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave:
These serv'd his person at the royal feast:
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.
Unseen by these, the king his entry made
And, prostrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden (a venerable sight!) appears;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;
Those direful hands his kisses press'd, imbru'd
E'en in the best, the dearest of his blood!
As when a wretch (who conscious of his crime,
Pursued for murder, flies his native clime)
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale! amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd:
Thus stood th' attendants, stupid with surprise;
All mute, yet seem to question with their eyes:
Each look'd on t'other, none the silence broke,
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke:
Ah think, thou favour'd of the powers divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me, that father's reverend image trace,
Those silver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!
In all my equal, but in misery!
Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state;
Think, from some powerful foe thou see'st him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;
And hearing, still may hope a better day
May send him thee to chase that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
The best, the bravest of my sons are slain!
Yet what a race; ere Greece to Ilion came,
The pledge of many a lov'd, and loving dame!
Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled!

Still one was left, their loss to recompense;
His father's hope, his country's last defence.
Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel
Unhappy in his country's cause he fell!
For him, through hostile camps I bend my way
For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
O hear the wretched, and the Gods revere!
Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpless and as old!
Though not so wretched: there he yields to me,
The first of men in sovereign misery!
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grovelling to embrace
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant my children's murderer to implore,
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore.
These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire.
Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of wo;
And now the mingled tides together flow:
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a son deplore:
But great Achilles different passions rend,
And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious softness through the heroes ran;
One universal solemn shower began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.
Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles rose;
The reverend monarch by the hand he raised;
On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd,
Not unrelenting: then serene began
With words to sooth the miserable man:
Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known!
Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone

To pass through foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race!
Heaven sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Rise then: let reason mitigate our care:
To mourn, avails not: man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the Gods' severe decree:
They, only they are blest, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;
To most, he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curst indeed;
Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
He wanders, outcast both of earth and heaven.
The happiest, taste not happiness sincere;
But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.
Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and power·
What stars concurring blest his natal hour;
A realm, a Goddess to his wishes given;
Grac'd by the Gods with all the gifts of Heaven:
One evil, yet, o'ertakes his latest day:
No race succeeding to imperial sway;
An only son; and he (alas!) ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land.
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!
Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once excell'd;
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main.
But since the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
What sees the sun, but hapless heroes' falls?
War and the blood of men surround thy walls!

What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
But thou, alas! may'st live to suffer more!
To whom the king: O favour'd of the skies!
Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies
On the bare beach depriv'd of obsequies.
Oh, give me Hector! to my eyes restore
His corse, and take the gifts: I ask no more.
Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;
Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy;
So shall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to see the light and live!
Move me no more (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes;)
Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;
To yield thy Hector I myself intend:
For know, from Jove my Goddess-mother came
(Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame;)
Nor com'st thou but by Heaven: nor com'st alone,
Some God impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd
To pass our out-works, or elude the guard.
Cease; lest, neglectful of high Jove's command,
I show thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land,
Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
And shake the purpose of my soul no more.
The sire obey'd him, trembling and o'eraw'd;
Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad;
Automedon and Alcimus attend
(Whom most he honour'd since he lost his friend;)
These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent;
Next heap'd on high the numerous presents bear
(Great Hector's ransom) from the polish'd car.
Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,
They leave to cover, and enwrap the dead.

Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil
To wash the body, and anoint with oil,
Apart from Priam; lest th' unhappy sire,
Provok'd to passion, once more rous'd to ire
The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age,
Nor Jove's command, should check the rising rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corse they spread;
Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed:
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade:
If, in that gloom which never light must know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below:
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
(Restoring Hector) Heaven's unquestion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and to grace thy shrine.
He said, and, entering took his seat of state,
Where full before him reverend Priam sate:
To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun.
Lo! to thy prayer restor'd, thy breathless son;
Extended on the funeral couch he lies,
And soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
Demand refection, and to rest invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with wo,
The common cares that nourish life forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whose sorrows equall'd thine:
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades;
These by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
Those, Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain
So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latonia's line.
But two the Goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd;
Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.

Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
Nine days, neglected, lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none,
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone:)
The Gods themselves at length, relenting gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herself a rock (for such was heaven's high will)
Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where round the bed whence Acheloüs springs,
The watery fairies dance in mazy rings,
There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow,
She stands, her own sad monument of wo;
The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.
Such griefs, O king! have other parents known;
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of Heaven thy Hector has appear'd,
Nor shall he lie unwept and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream around.
He said, and rising, chose the victim ewe
With silver fleece, which his attendants slew;
The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
With skill prepare them, and in parts divide:
Each on the coals the separate morsels lays,
And, hasty, snatches from the rising blaze.
With bread the glittering canisters they load,
Which round the board Automedon bestow'd;
The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast.
When now the rage of hunger was repress,
The wondering hero eyes his royal guest:
No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
His godlike aspect and majestic size;
Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage;
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,
(A solemn scene!) at length the father spoke:

Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to steep
My careful temples in the dew of sleep:
For since the day that number'd with the dead
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed;
Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes;
My only food my sorrows and my sighs!
Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I share thy banquet, and consent to live.
With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the coverings lay.
Then he: Now, father, sleep, but sleep not here,
Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear,
Lest any Argive (at this hour awake,
To ask our counsel, or our orders take)
Approaching sudden to our open'd tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should such report thy honour'd person here,
The king of men the ransom might defer;
But say with speed, if ought of thy desire
Remains unask'd; what time the rights require
T' inter thy Hector? For, so long we stay
Our slaughtering arm, and bid the hosts obey.
If then thy will permit (the monarch said)
To finish all due honours to the dead,
This, of thy grace accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilion clos'd within her town;
And at what distance from our walls aspire
The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.
Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
The tenth shall see the funeral and the feast;
The next, to raise his monument be given;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by Heaven!
This thy request (replied the chief) enjoy:
Till then, our arms suspend the fall of Troy.
Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent,

Where fair Briseïs, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her hero with desiring arms.
But in the porch the king and herald rest;
Sad dreams of care yet wandering in their breast.
Now Gods and men the gift of sleep partake;
Industrious Hermes only was awake,
The king's return revolving in his mind,
To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The power descending hover'd o'er his head:
And sleep'st thou father! (thus the vision said)
Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restor'd?
Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord?
Thy presence here should stern Atrides see,
Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee,
May offer all thy treasures yet contain,
To spare thy age; and offer all in vain.
  Wak'd with the word, the trembling sire arose,
And rais'd his friend: the God before him goes;
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in silence through the hostile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove,
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove,)
The winged deity forsook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.
Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,
Sprung through the gates of light, and gave the day:
Charg'd with their mournful load, to Ilion go
The sage and king, majestically slow
Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,
The sad procession of her hoary sire;
Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near,
(Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier)
A shower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries:
  Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy!
If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight;

Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common wo.
In thronging crowds they issue to the plains;
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains:
In every face the self-same grief is shown;
And Troy sends forth one universal groan.
At Scæa's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
The wife and mother frantic with despair,
Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair,
Thus wildly wailing at the gates they lay;
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day:
But godlike Priam from the chariot rose;
Forbear (he cried) this violence of woes,
First to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead.
The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide;
E'en to the palace the sad pomp they wait;
They weep and place him on the bed of state.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn sound:
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their wo.
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart
And nature speaks at every pause of art.
First to the corse the weeping consort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw
And, oh, my Hector! oh, my lord! she cries,
Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only son, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
Never to manly age that son shall rise,
Or with increasing graces glad my eyes;
For Ilion now (her great defender slain)
Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.

Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who saves her infants from the rage of war?
Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er,
(Those wives must wait them) to a foreign shore
Thou too, my son! to barbarous climes shalt go,
The sad companion of thy mother's wo;
Driv'n hence a slave before the victor's sword;
Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord:
Or else some Greek whose father prest the plain,
Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain,
In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the towers of Troy.
For thy stern father never spar'd a foe:
Thence all these tears, and all this scene of wo!
Thence many evils his sad parents bore,
His parents many, but his consort more.
Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy last command?
Some word thou wouldst have spoke, which, sadly dear,
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never could be lost in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!
  Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan,
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
  The mournful mother next sustains her part.
O thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!
Of all my race thou most by heaven approv'd,
And by th' immortals e'en in death belov'd!
While all my other sons in barbarous bands
Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost,
Free, and a hero, to the Stygian coast.
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb,
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain;)
Ungenerous insult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'st thou fresh with every living grace;
No mark of pain, or violence of face;

Rosy and fair, as Phœbus' silver bow
Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below!
Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears:
Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes
Fall the round chrystal drops, while thus she cries:
Ah, dearest friend! in whom the Gods had join'd
The mildest manners with the bravest mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore;
(O had I perish'd ere that form divine
Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind;
When others curst the authoress of their wo,
Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow:
If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,
Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee,
The wretched source of all this misery!
The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend now thou art gone!
Through Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam,
In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home!
So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye:
Distressful beauty melts each stander-by;
On all around th' infectious sorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose.
Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the forests for a funeral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foes nor secret ambush dread;
Achilles grants these honours to the dead.
He spoke, and at his word, the Trojan train
Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,
Pour through the gates, and fell'd from Ida's crown,
Roll'd back the gather'd forest to the town.

These toils continue nine succeeding days,
And high in air a sylvan structure raise.
But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
And plac'd aloft: while all, with streaming eyes,
Beheld the flames, and rolling smokes arise.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn;
Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet remaining fire.
The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vase;
The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd,
Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.
Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead,
(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,
Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun.)
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A solemn, silent, melancholy train;
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

CONCLUSION OF THE NOTES.

We have now passed through the Iliad, and seen the anger of Achilles, and the terrible effects of it, at an end: as that only was the subject of the poem, and the nature of epic poetry would not permit our author to proceed to the event of the war, it may, perhaps, be acceptable to the common reader to give a short account of what happened to Troy, and the chief actors in this poem, after the conclusion of it.

I need not mention that Troy was taken, soon after the death of Hector, by the stratagem of the wooden horse, the particulars of which are described by Virgil in the second book of the Æneis.

Achilles fell before Troy, by the hand of Paris, by the shot of an arrow in his heel, as Hector had prophesied at his death, book xxii.

The unfortunate Priam was killed by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles.

Ajax, after the death of Achilles, had a contest with Ulysses for the armour of Vulcan; but being defeated in his aim, he slew himself through indignation.

Helen, after the death of Paris, married Deiphobus, his brother; and, at the taking of Troy, betrayed him, in order to reconcile herself to Menelaüs, her first husband, who received her again into favour.

Agamemnon, at his return, was barbarously murdered by Ægystus, at the instigation of Clytemnestra, his wife, who in his absence had dishonoured his bed with Ægystus.

Diomed, after the fall of Troy, was expelled his own country, and scarcely escaped with life from his adulterous wife Ægiale; but at last was received by Daunus in Apulia, and shared his kingdom: it is uncertain how he died.

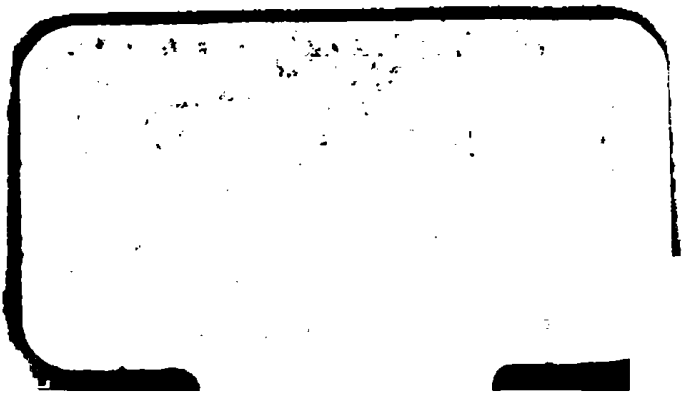
Nestor lived in peace, with his children [illegible], his native country.

Ulysses also, after innumerable troubles by sea an land, at last returned in safety to Ithaca, which is the subject of Homer's Odyssey.

I must end these remarks by discharging my duty to two of my friends, which is the more an indispensable piece of justice, as the one of them is since dead: the merit of their kindness to me will appear infinitely the greater, as the task they undertook was, in its own nature, of much more labour than either pleasure or reputation. The larger part of the extracts from Eustathius, together with several excellent observations, were sent me by Mr. Broome: and the whole essay on Homer was written, upon such memoirs as I had collected, by the late Dr. Parnell, archdeacon of Clogher in Ireland: how very much that gentleman's friendship prevailed over his genius, in detaining a writer of his spirit in the drudgery of removing the rubbish of past pedants, will soon appear to the world, when they shall see those beautiful pieces of poetry, the publication of which he left to my charge, almost with his dying breath.

For what remains, I beg to be excused from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embarrassing myself, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to myself, of the merits or difficulties of it (which must be left to the world, to truth, and to posterity) let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship with one of the most valuable of men, as well as finest writers, of my age and country: one who has tried and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer: and one who, (I assure,) sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him, therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to dedicate it; and to have the honour and satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE, and of

A. POPE.

March 25, 1720.

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